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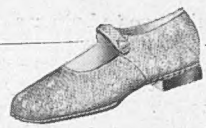

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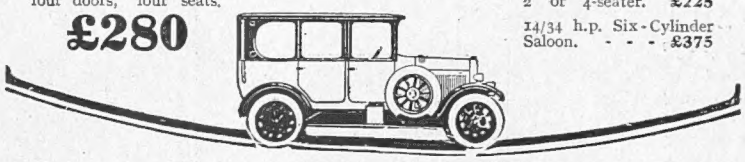

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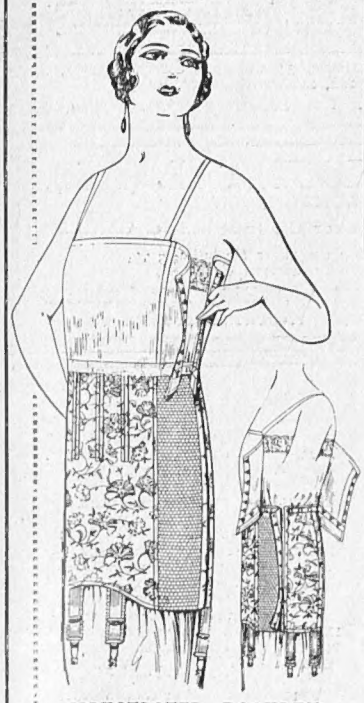

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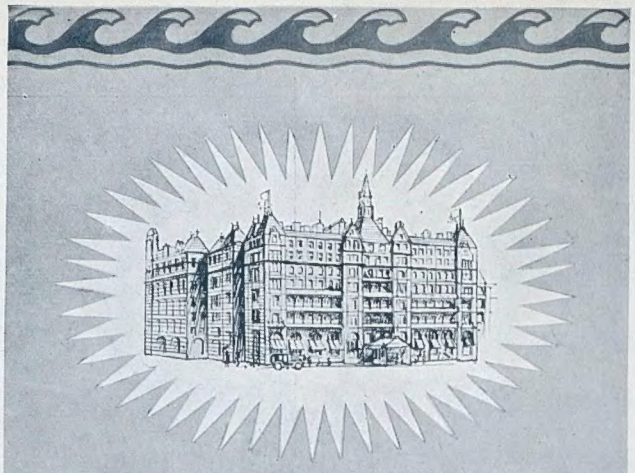

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The Scent of Araby

Of all Chemists and Perfumers.
GROSSMITH LONDON

The Bystander, February 24, 1926

No. 1160. Vol. LXXXIX

The BYSTANDER

Hay Wrightson

MISS ELIZABETH JULIET POWELL

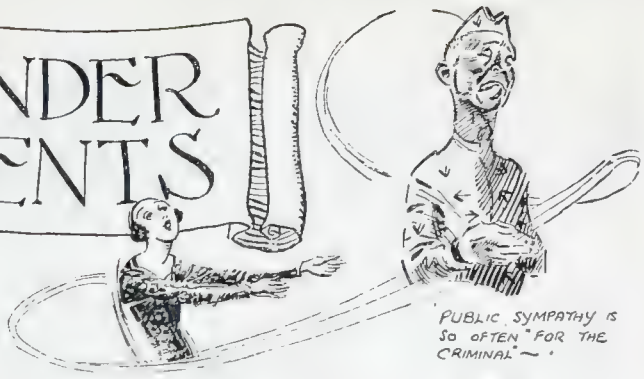
A recent portrait of the elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Douglas Powell, C.B.E. Miss Powell, who is very popular in Society, was presented in 1922

Dormez One

"WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT DAY"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE



"PUBLIC SYMPATHY IS SO OFTEN "FOR THE CRIMINAL" —'

Sorrow for Sinners

I AM not surprised that the Home Secretary is concerned about the fact that public sympathy is so often "for the criminal other than for the law." This curious perversion is usually the result of a lack of information as to the true facts of the case, for it is frequently impossible to pass on to the public all those details on which the sound decision of judge and jury is based.

Pity the Poor Judge

THERE is, of course, the natural sympathy with the bottom dog; and he would have a heart of granite who could not be sorry for the criminal who is called upon to pay the last dread penalty for his crimes. Only the other day it was my misfortune to sit in the Central Court at the Old Bailey while a self-confessed murderer was being sentenced to death. His was a brutal crime, but he looked so lonely, standing in that great dock, that I would have signed twenty petitions for his release. . . . And then I looked at the red-robed figure facing him across the well of the court, and I realised that here was another man who might reasonably expect a little sympathy at my hands.

Legitimate Reductions

MOST of us, I suppose, are prepared to reduce our income-tax by every legitimate means, and, to this end, some of us employ accountants who are well versed in the ramifications of such legitimate reductions. Most accountants are high-souled gentlemen who would as soon murder their mothers-in-law as assist you in robbing the revenues, but there are others. Beware, especially, the plausible gent—personally recommended—who is content with a commission on any saving he may happen to initiate. During my visit to the Old Bailey I saw what happened to a respectable tradesman who was first tempted and then blackmailed by such an one. Much better pay up and look pleasant, believe me.

Nasty Medicine

MUST say I rather admire the ingenuity of the panel doctor who keeps the requirements of his patients within bounds by giving them unpleasant medicine. Nice medicine, after all, rarely carries conviction, and the nasty sort often cures people before they have taken it.

A Stepping Stone

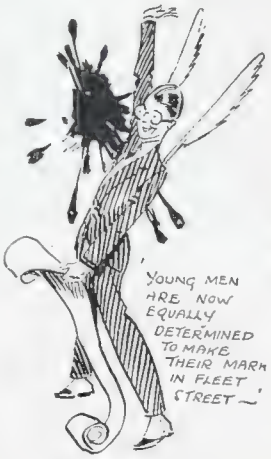
THE Oxford Union Society, which has loomed so largely in the Press during the past week, has always been looked upon as a stepping-stone to political preferment—its past presidents include Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Lord Asquith and Lord Birkenhead—and its young men are now equally determined to make their mark in Fleet Street. One of its more recent leading lights is dramatic critic on a Sunday paper, and, writing for one of the picture papers, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, M.P., permits himself to be labelled: "First President of the Oxford Union after the War."

He Would Faint

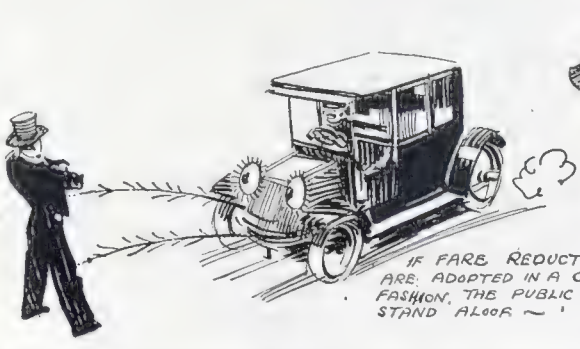
A BRILLIANT former President of the O.U.D.S. has, for some time, occupied an important and highly critical position on a leading evening paper, but I fancy he would faint if his earlier association with the 'Varsity were advanced as a possible reason for preferment in his profession. Also, I shall be surprised if membership of that Society is ever allowed to be advertised on play-bills in the West End. Now and again, it leaks out that some distinguished journalist once edited

"BUT HE LOOKED SO LONELY, STANDING IN THAT GREAT DOCK —'

"BEWARE, ESPECIALLY, THE PLAUSIBLE GENT. —'



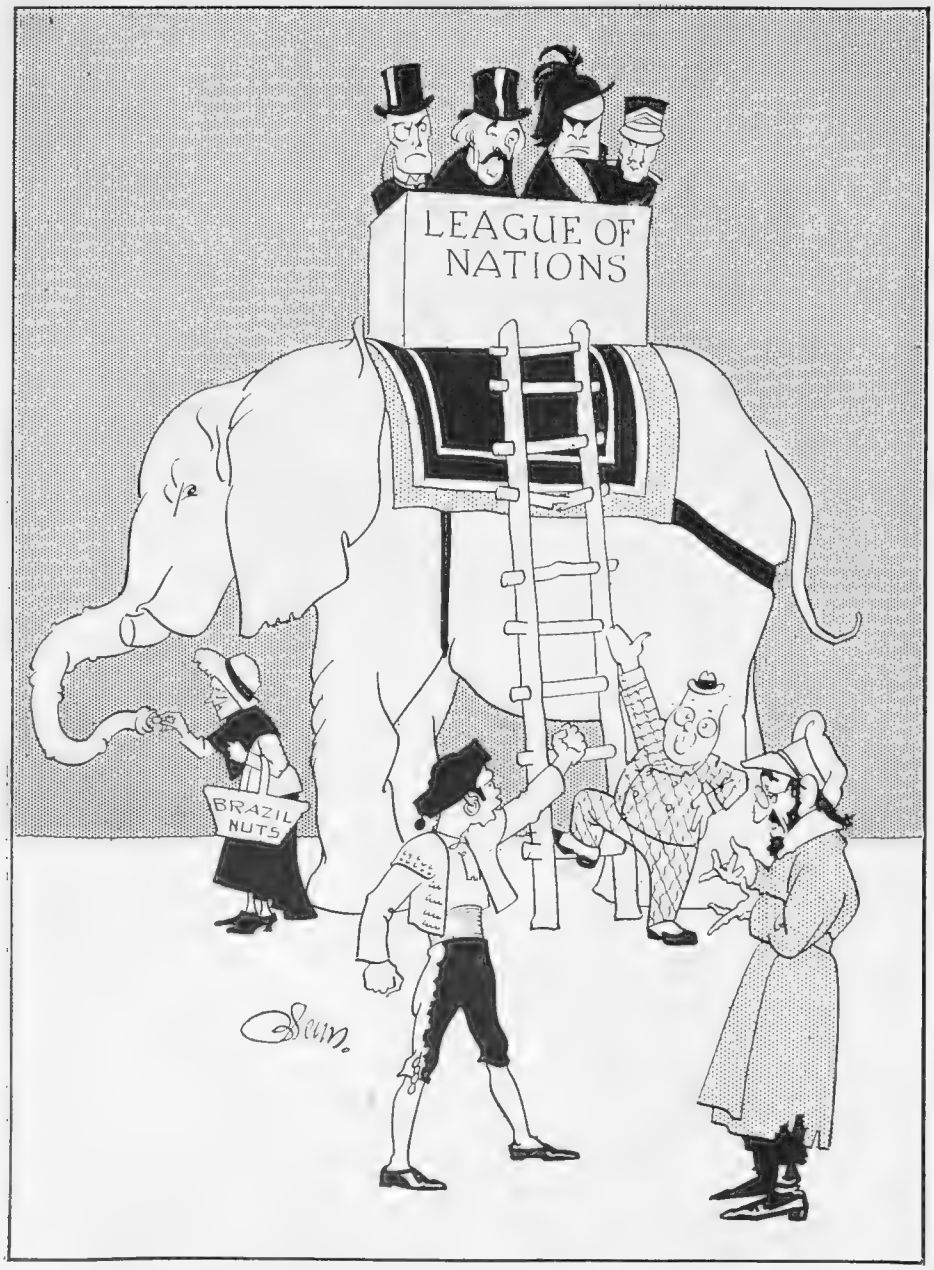
"YOUNG MEN ARE NOW EQUALLY DETERMINED TO MAKE THEIR MARK IN FLEET STREET —'



"IF FARE REDUCTIONS ARE ADOPTED IN A CHURLISH FASHION, THE PUBLIC WILL STAND ALOOF —'

"LONDON SKETCH CLUB BALL —'

"OUTSIDERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN LOOKED UPON WITH A COLD EYE —'



THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF EUROPE
What a pretty "howdah do"—at the Geneva Zoo! By Blam

the *Isis* or the *Granta,* but I have never known the fact to be advertised by the person concerned.

Welcome Recruits

It is greatly to the advantage of journalism that recruits should be drawn from the Universities, but it will be a bad day for both when success at the latter is considered the inevitable Open Sesame to Fleet Street, as seems to be implicated. The power and the position of the Press to-day demand a far more strenuous and searching apprenticeship. What is considered brilliant at Oxford may not appear so impressive in the light of future events. It is bad for young men to assume that success in an early academic scrimmage forecasts inevitably the victor's laurel crown. The distinguished head of a well-known prep. school made no such mistake when, addressing the prize winners of that year, he remarked sadly: "I see before me the same ordinary little boys——"

Their Funeral

I was very careful not to prejudice the possible success of *The Student Prince* by questioning the discretion of the new management of His Majesty's Theatre when they did certain things that were obviously alien to our established traditions. After all, it was their funeral, and the last thing we desire is to stir up international feeling in things theatrical. If Mr. Selfridge, for instance, had attempted to establish his great store in Oxford Street on faulty foundations, it would have been entirely his own affair. Naturally, Mr. Selfridge did nothing of the kind. He merely carried courtesy and good management a step further, and his advertising was a model of what advertising should be.

Then You Get Stung

But the Shuberts were not so careful to respect the susceptibilities of London's playgoers. Any decent community resembles a beehive in this respect—leave 'em alone, and they will continue to gather honey all the day. It is only when you stir them up with a stick that you get stung. I don't suggest for one moment that the Shuberts have been stung—only events can prove that—but their rather hurried withdrawals in one or two directions would seem to suggest that they are suffering from a slight attack of wisdom after the event, which, they are sufficiently experienced to know, is a little late in theatrical affairs. And I don't for one moment believe the silly rumour that they ever contemplated re-christening His Majesty's Theatre. That *would* have been lunacy.

Not So Sentimental

This last remark may possibly surprise some of our American friends. After all, a theatre is only a collection of girders and concrete with a few carpets thrown in. Why should a man engaged on a private enterprise be asked to make concessions to the community? He isn't! If he is trading with his own money, he is under no sort of obligation to the public—and the public are under no sort of obligation to him. The point at issue is far more subtle than that. If I bought the London Pavilion or the Palladium, I would rechristen either of them without turning a hair, but I wouldn't take similar liberties with the Haymarket or the Savoy. Some theatres have acquired traditions which might fairly appear in their balance-sheets under the heading of Goodwill, and the man who dissipates goodwill is a fool. So you see, I am not being anything like so sentimental as my American critic assumed me to be.

Lucky Six Hundred

A family gathering—six hundred strong—will be held at the Wharncliffe Rooms on Friday next, when the annual fancy dress dance of the London Sketch Club will be held. I have described it as a family gathering because all present will be brothers and sisters in art, the gathering being confined entirely to members of the Club and their personal friends. Outsiders have always been looked upon with a cold eye, and it will be easier for an ordinary member of the public to get into the Wharncliffe Rooms on Friday night than for—than for—any way, it won't happen, so why worry?

The Muzzle That Didn't Act

BY E. T. REED

MR J H. THOMAS WRITING IN A SUNDAY NEWSPAPER DECLARED THAT "MUSSOLINI MUST BE MUZZLED"

From Our Portrait Gallery

Miss Compton Collier

MISS JOYCE SMITH

The daughter of Lady Sybil Smith and Mr. Vivian Hugh Smith whose marriage to Mr. Gerald Lloyd Verney takes place at the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to-morrow (Thursday), February 25. She is a granddaughter of the Dowager Countess of Antrim

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Royal Cruise

I SHALL not be surprised if the King goes again this spring for a cruise in the Mediterranean on the *Victoria and Albert*. His Majesty has not his father's fondness for foreign travel, but doctor's advice is doctor's advice, and after the severe illness of last year the King's avoidance of our bitter March winds, and all the bronchial trouble they bring in their train, may be deemed advisable.

D'Egville

A GREAT LITTLE SPORTSMAN

H.I.H. Prince Chichibu of Japan, with Captain A. H. D'Egville, at Mürren, where the Prince is staying for winter sports. He is a keen ski-runner and skater, and has already qualified for the silver "K" badge of the Kandahar Ski Club

If the cruise does take place, the King and Queen will join the Royal yacht at an Italian port. Their stay at Palermo last year was most successful, and it is quite possible that it may be repeated. The Palermitans certainly hope so.

Only One Difference

EXCEPT for hunting the Prince of Wales's broken collar-bone has made no difference to his engagements. He has been presiding at dinners, visiting exhibitions, and went to the Lingfield Races, as well as to a small dance at Londonderry House Whether the Prince will hunt again this season is, I believe, rather a moot point. Some say nay, some say yea. There again, it is a point for the doctors to decide.

Oulton Park

THIS winter has been disastrous to old country houses. Several have been destroyed by fire. Now, coming close upon the disaster at Hagley Hall, Lord Cobham's fine old place near Stourport, is the utter destruction of Oulton Park, a magnificent specimen of Vanbrugh's architecture, near Tarporley, in Cheshire—a destruction which, alas, was accompanied by the loss of five lives.

Topical

AT THE WHITE CITY

The Queen, who accompanied the King on a visit to the British Industries Fair at the White City last Thursday, keenly interested in one of the many new inventions on exhibition

Oulton Park was of the same period as Blenheim, King's Weston in Bristol, and Eastbury in Dorsetshire, all built when, as Vanbrugh said himself, all the world was "mad on building as far as they could reach." One and all were of the Palladian type of architecture, inspired by the great Italian palaces, which was the rage early in the eighteenth century Oulton Park was itself a palace, and cost such a vast

Central Press

AT THE NORTHERN GAMES

H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, who was present at the Swedish Northern Games, on his way to witness the military athletes' team competitions at Lindholmen

sum of money that the Egerton who built it, was crippled in his resources for the rest of his life, and until comparatively recently, the house was a white elephant to his successors.

The present owner, Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, the twelfth baronet, was in Paris at the time of the disaster. He is amongst the comparatively few baronets who have supporters to their coats-of-arms. This privilege was granted to the ninth baronet just about a hundred years ago, by Royal Warrant.

'CHASING AT LEICESTER

A pictorial treble from the recent well-attended meeting

Sport and General

LORD CARLTON AND MRS. WYNDHAM-QUIN

Alfieri

MRS. EDWARD GREENALL (left) AND LADY CHESHAM

Sport and General

LADY BEAUMONT (left) AND MISS VALERIE TAYLOR

The furniture at Oulton was irreplaceable. Room after room was filled with gems of the Queen Anne and early Georgian periods which had been in the house from the time they were made. The library was famous, and amongst the many portraits were Romneys, Lawrences, Lelys and Vandycks—one of the last was saved. There were pictures, too, by Rubens and other Old Masters.

It has been suggested that the terrifying quickness with which

Sport and General

LADY VICTORIA BULLOCK AND LORD TWEEDMOUTH

THE WATERLOO CUP MEETING

Two photographs of some of those who attended the Trials

Sport and General

MAJOR C. BLUNDELL (left), LADY SEFTON, THE DUKE OF LEEDS AND MRS. KERR

Sport and General

MR. BROMMETT (left), MRS. HORSFALL, MISS BUCKMASTER AND MISS B. BUCKMASTER

AN OXFORD OCCASION
A sporting double from the 'Varsity Point-to-Point 'Chases at Bletchington

Alfieri

THE HON. W. W. ASTOR (left) AND LORD REDESDALE WITH HIS DAUGHTERS, THE HON. NANCY AND THE HON. UNITY FREEMAN-MITFORD

L.N. I.

A LAWFUL EVENT

A photograph taken at the annual ball of the Pegasus Club—whose members promote the Bar point-to-point races—which was held at the Inner Temple Hall. The group is of Judge Sturges (seated in centre) with his party at the Ball

Topical

A BORDER ENGAGEMENT

The 5th Battalion of the Border Regiment recently held their annual ball at the Crown and Mitre Hotel, Carlisle. The photograph shows a cheery group who were "on parade" at the ball

these panels had been in the house which stood on the site of Vanbrugh's princely edifice, and which, too, had been destroyed by fire, and that in the work of salvage they had been thrown into the then existing moat. From all accounts these panels, which must have been amongst the earliest specimens of Chinese art brought to England, have now disappeared in the flames. I remember somebody saying they must have been brought over in the time of Charles II, at the time the flames spread after the outbreak of the fire was due to the old wood of the floors. That is, invariably, the trouble in old houses. Wood gradually perishes, and floors which to all appearances are sound and solid, and would probably stand for another hundred years, go up like tinder directly they are touched by fire.

At Knole, Lord Sackville's great house at Sevenoaks, once the seat of the Dukes of Dorset, several of the rooms are roped off, as it is dangerous to cross the floor, the wood of which is gradually perishing. The roof of the great hall at Penshurst Place, one of the most historic halls in England, was on the verge of collapse for the same reason, and a few years ago the late Lord De L'Isle and Dudley was obliged to replace it. Each beam and cross-tie was most faithfully copied in oak from trees cut down on the Penshurst estate for the purpose.

Lacquer and Wall Papers

To return to Oulton. There was an exquisite little dining-room, the walls of which were panelled with Chinese lacquer in red, green and gold upon a black background. It was always said that

Bassano

A WEDDING OF THE MONTH

Mr. and Mrs. T. Leopold McClintock Lonsdale after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. The bride was formerly Miss Victoria Somerset, the only daughter of Capt. the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Somerset

when the first Chinese wallpaper was introduced into England—the forerunner of all our wallpapers.

Dashing off at a tangent, your Bystander knows two of these Chinese-Carolean wallpapers which still exist. One is in a house at Plympton, near Plymouth, and the other is in the drawing-room at Ightham Mote, that beautiful and untouched moated manor house in Kent belonging to Sir Thomas Colyer-Fergusson.

Was it Really the Article ?

IF I remember rightly, it was the Infanta Eulalia who, in her recent book of memoirs, said that the characteristic trait of us English folk was our perpetual sitting up in judgment and criticism upon one another. The Americans, we know from history books, are descendants of what were called the Puritan Fathers—that is, of course, if you omit many millions of Americans whose forbears or fathers came from the outermost parts of Cyrene and Tyre; in other words, from all the countries and all the ghettos of Europe.

But, in spite of the infusion of the blood of a hundred different nationalities, the Americans seem to have inherited the national trait of which the Infanta accused the English people. If they have not, how else explain the astounding business which has filled the newspapers with columns about the detention of Lord Cathcart's divorced wife at Ellis Island, and the issue of a warrant against Lord Craven, who was the co-respondent in Lord Cathcart's divorce action?

The situation really makes you blink. The suggestion that a divorced person may not enter a country because of "moral turpitude" may be an excess of Puritanism, but it is likewise Gilbertian. If America is going to refuse admission to its shores to the guilty parties in divorces, and is likewise going to expel similarly guilty aliens already within its borders—they've found seven hundred of them already, so they say—what are they going to do with their own guilty citizens and citizenesses?

Topical

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

The Hon. John Fremantle, the elder son of Lord and Lady Cottesloe, with his bride, formerly Lady Elizabeth Harris, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. Lady Elizabeth Fremantle is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury

In logic, they must do something. Will it be years of penal servitude for the first offence, and the electric chair for the second?

I was told that this extraordinary action has come about because the divorced wife of Lord Cathcart wrote an article in last year's June number of the *Cosmopolitan*, one of the widest read of the American magazines, called "The Drama of My Life." Hearing this, my dear people, I hied me off to a funny little odds-and-ends shop in Soho, where they sell all the foreign papers. The dear, fat, old Italian dame who keeps it, and whom I

Ellcke Studios

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

Miss K. A. Welldon, whose engagement to Mr. D. J. B. Wilson has been announced. Miss Welldon is a niece of Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham

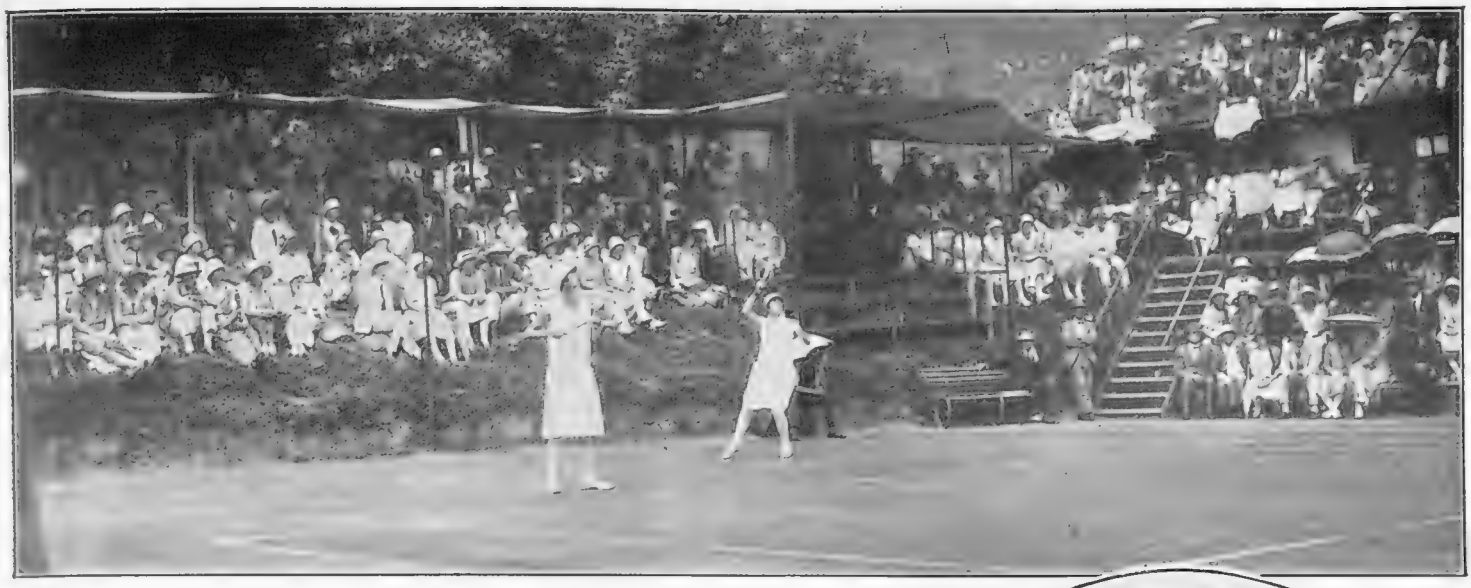
love because she always insists that my Italian hasn't a trace of English accent—they do fib so kindly, these Italians—dug and delved in piles of papers and magazines, and finally unearthed the *Cosmopolitan*, and there was the article, "The Drama of My Life," by Vera Countess of Cathcart.

It's very odd that throughout the several pages of the story the lady invariably speaks of her former husband as the "Earl of Cathcart," and of herself, too, as "the Countess of Cathcart." But the title is Earl Cathcart. I say it's very odd, because, judging by

Hay Wrightson

A RECENT APPOINTMENT

The Hon. Randolph Bruce who, a short time ago, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Mr. Bruce has spent nearly all his life on the other side of the Atlantic



A TENSE MOMENT

A photograph, taken during the British team's recent South African tour, of the Ladies' Doubles match on the Rondebosch Tennis Court. Miss Ridley (seen awaiting the ball) and Mrs. Watson, the British representatives, lost to the South Africans

her printed words, it looks as if the lady herself didn't know the difference.

I can't resist quoting the closing sentences of the article, because, after what all the world knows and after what has happened in America, they have a humour *maligne*, if you will, but still a humour—a particular humour which I know you will see. If I didn't I shouldn't quote them :—

"What the future holds I do not know. It may be that my lover will be free to marry me, and then society will be ready to welcome me back. But having discovered how much of the life it lives is tinsel and panchbeck, shall I be ready to welcome society? I wonder."

Mr. Curran seems to have answered the question so far as America is concerned, but at the cost, according to the American newspapers, of making the United States a laughing-stock. Dear me, what a lot of time the American officials must have on their hands to be able to go into such matters and remember articles published eight months ago.

Two Forthcoming Balls

A FEW days after these words meet your eyes the Marquis and Marchioness of Carisbrooke will have departed for a five months' tour in South America. Lady Carisbrooke therefore, among her manifold charitable activities, has been obliged to give up the organisation of the annual ball for the Friends of the Poor, which is to take place on May 12 at Eresby House, lent by the Earl and Countess of Ancaster. I am asked to tell you that the Duchess of Rutland has kindly taken over all the organisation duties for the ball in Lady Carisbrooke's stead. And somebody else asks me to remind you that there will be a big ball at the Hyde Park Hotel on St. George's Day, April 23, in aid of St. George's Hospital, at which both the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry will be present. Prince George is the president of the hospital, and in his absence in China the Prince of Wales will attend the ball in his brother's place.

The Socialists and Italy

I WAS tremendously interested by the lecture which Commandatore Lingi Villari gave last week to the British Academy on "The Development of Political Ideas in Italy in the XIXth Century." It was the annual Italian lecture founded by Mrs. Angela Mond in memory of an Italian patriot. The lecturer, who is the son of the great Professor Villari, to whose house all the interesting English people in Florence, either residents or birds of passage, used to flock, speaks English as perfectly as he speaks his own native tongue.

Actually his lecture, without a word of statement or criticism on his part, showed the hay and chaff made by Socialism of the ardent hopes, the sufferings, and sacrifices which created the various states and kingdoms of the Italian peninsula into one united country. After the War, Italy was within an ace of losing all she had suffered for, all she had gained. Socialism, Communism, Syndicalism were sapping at her every institution. Then came Mussolini — the expression of political ideas entirely different from those on which United Italy was created, but working to precisely the same end, patriotism. The Italian Ambassador and the Marchesa della Torretta were present, but unfortunately Lord Balfour, the President of the British Academy, who was to have taken the chair, was still laid up at Whittinghame.

SCOTLAND ON TOP

The Scottish team which won the recent international curling match restricted to members of the Junior St. Moritz Curling Club on the Grand Hotel Rink. The side consisted of Messrs. McClymont, Webster, Hogg and McKay

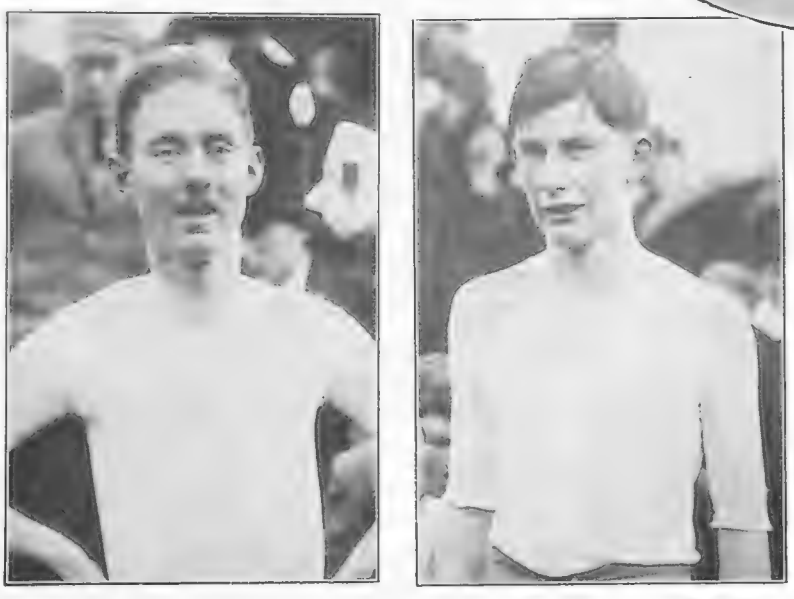
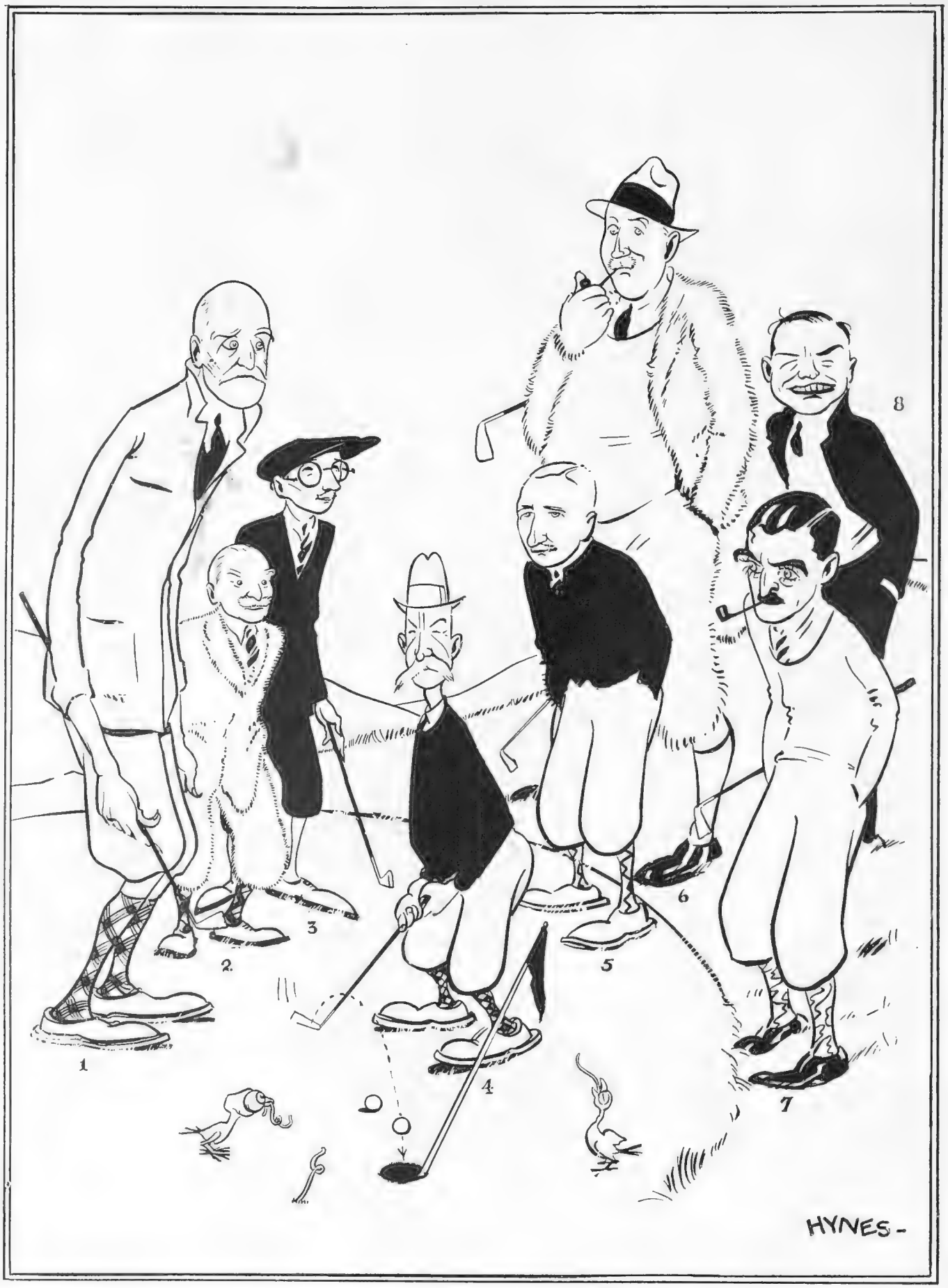


Photo Illus

THE ETON MILE

The winners in the Eton Mile Races, which were held on the Dorney Road last Wednesday. The School Mile was won by H. B. Hardy (left) and the Junior Mile by G. T. J. Houghton (right). Both the races were unusually close and well run

Clubbing Together for a Round



BY HYNES

Some of the players in the recent match between the Royal Automobile Club and the Staff College at Woodcote Park, Epsom, in which the R.A.C. speeded home the winners, by 8½ to 3½. Our artist's pictorial card returns:— (1) Maj.-Gen. Sir David Kinloch (R.A.C.); (2) Lt.-Col. Scott-Harden (R.A.C.); (3) Capt. MacLeod (Staff College); (4) Sir Alfred Mays-Smith (R.A.C.); (5) Capt. Herriott (Staff College); (6) Col. Needham (Staff College); (7) Maj. Oxley (Staff College); and (8) Mr. D. Stephenson (R.A.C.).

The Riviera
Week by Week

After three days of steady rain, which would have attracted little attention at home but created quite a wave of indignation and despair on the Côte d'Azur, mainly because it happened in the very midst of an almost bewildering whirl of outdoor festivities and sports, the sunshine has returned,

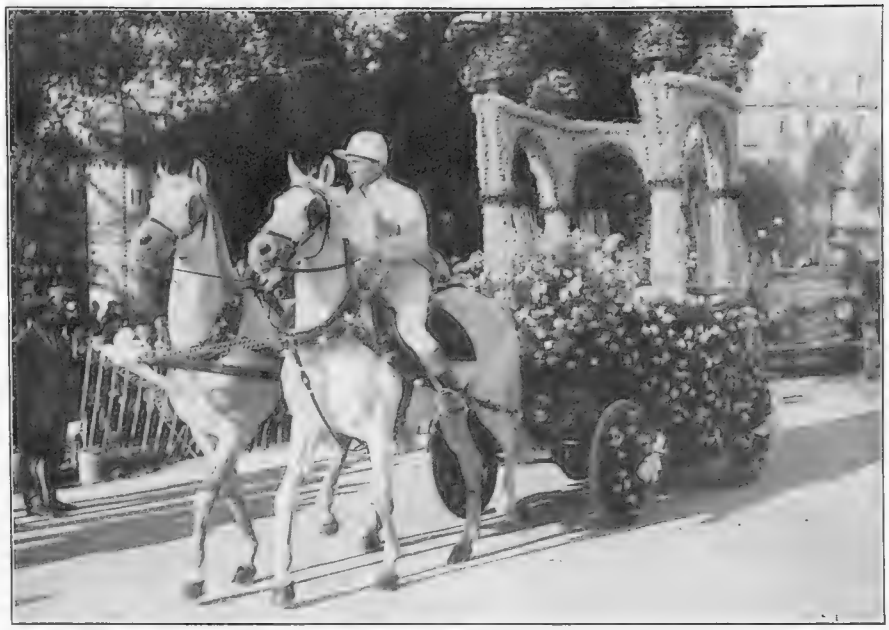
Sport and General

ON THE CROISETTE

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton and a friend making the most of the Riviera sunshine at Cannes

and for several days now we have had a cloudless sky of the most brilliant blue. The atmosphere has been so clear that the endless beautiful views for which the Riviera is famous—the marvellous stretch of rocky coastline between Nice and Menton, the unique panoramas of the Corniche road, the long range of snow-capped Alps which rise majestically in the distance and are perhaps best viewed from the Cap d'Antibes—are at their best this week.

The Franco-Russian Gala at the Ambassadeurs at Cannes was a bigger success than ever, and the hall of the Casino, the restaurant, and the baccarat rooms were packed almost to suffocation until 3 a.m. next morning. The display of dresses and jewels was probably the most gorgeous Cannes has ever known, and one saw familiar faces on every side. Ex-King Manoel and his wife were struggling through the throng with the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme to reach their seats, while the Duke's cousin, Prince Christian of Hesse, was close by with the Princess, followed by Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby, the Prince and Princess Hereditary of Monaco, Princess Marie-Louise of Bourbon, and a score of



READY FOR ACTION *I.B.*

One of the decorated cars which figured in the annual Battle of Flowers in the Nice Carnival, on its way to take up position

European Royalties and semi-Royalties occupied the front two or three rows, and all the most prominent English and American notabilities on the Riviera were packed in serried rows behind them. The gala, *The Romance of the Rose*, consisted of a long programme of songs and dances by famous artists, the items the most loudly applauded

Sport and General

AT THE COURTS

King Manoel with his consort at the Carlton Club Lawn Tennis Tournament. He is himself a keen player

being the wonderful dancing of Gudrun and Galloway and the irresistibly funny performance of Hal Sherman, who is convulsing huge audiences daily at the Ambassadeurs, and was at his best at this gala.

Sir Alfred Mond appears to be thoroughly enjoying his holiday at the Beau-Site with Lady Mond, but refuses to discuss politics, for which he can scarcely be blamed under the circumstances. I hear Earl Balfour is expected shortly at this hotel, where he has been a visitor each spring for many years. Sir Harry Perry Robinson, of *The Times*, is staying at the Villa la Madeleine with Lady Robinson, and Sir Coleridge and Lady Kennard have returned from Paris to their dainty little cottage. Sir Harry Mallaby-Deeley is another resident who has just returned from a voyage to Ceylon, and other recent arrivals include Sir Alexander and Lady Grant, Lord and Lady Vernon, Lord Cochrane, Lady Horne, Sir William and Lady Perring, Sir Berkeley Moynihan, Mr. and Mrs. Gomer Berry, and Mr. S. F. Edge.

Monte Carlo has been bathed in sunshine for days past, which is fortunate, for no other tonic could so effectively brace up visitors after the endless late nights in our many night resorts, where entertainments go on later and later. Recent arrivals include the Right Hon. Ian Macpherson—keen as ever on golf—Major Sir Douglas Hall (of the Coldstream Guards), Brigadier-General Arthur Ellershaw, Sir Philip Pilditch, Sir Frederick and Lady Carmichael-Anstruther, the Hon. Mrs. Cochrane-Baillie, the Hon. Lady Miller (a daughter of the fourth Lord Scarsdale), and Mr. Alfred Salmon.

A happy sequel to the recent sporting feat of the Hon. Victor Bruce, whose remarkable journey on his A.C. to the automobile rally, starting at John o' Groat's and ending in front of the Casino at Monte Carlo, was the great event of the meeting, was his marriage to Mrs. Easter, which took place at Menton and was attended by crowds of friends. For once a report of a Society wedding did not end with the usual words, "They left later for a honeymoon on the Riviera"!

Lady Kent, wife of Sir Stephenson Kent, is in Menton, and others reported at the various hotels include Major-General Sir William Pike, Lady Bruce-Porter and her son-in-law and daughter, Colonel and Mrs. Charles

Johnston, Lady Greenwell and Lady Ryall.

THE carnivals at Cannes, Nice, and Menton went off in the best possible style, which is only possible under a cloudless sky, and the naval battle of flowers at Villefranche was equally fortunate, for it took place on a perfectly calm day, and the wonderful bay was a wonderful sight, with its procession of decorated boats and men-o'-war, which lent additional interest to the gay scene.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

THE LENGLEN—WILLS DUEL

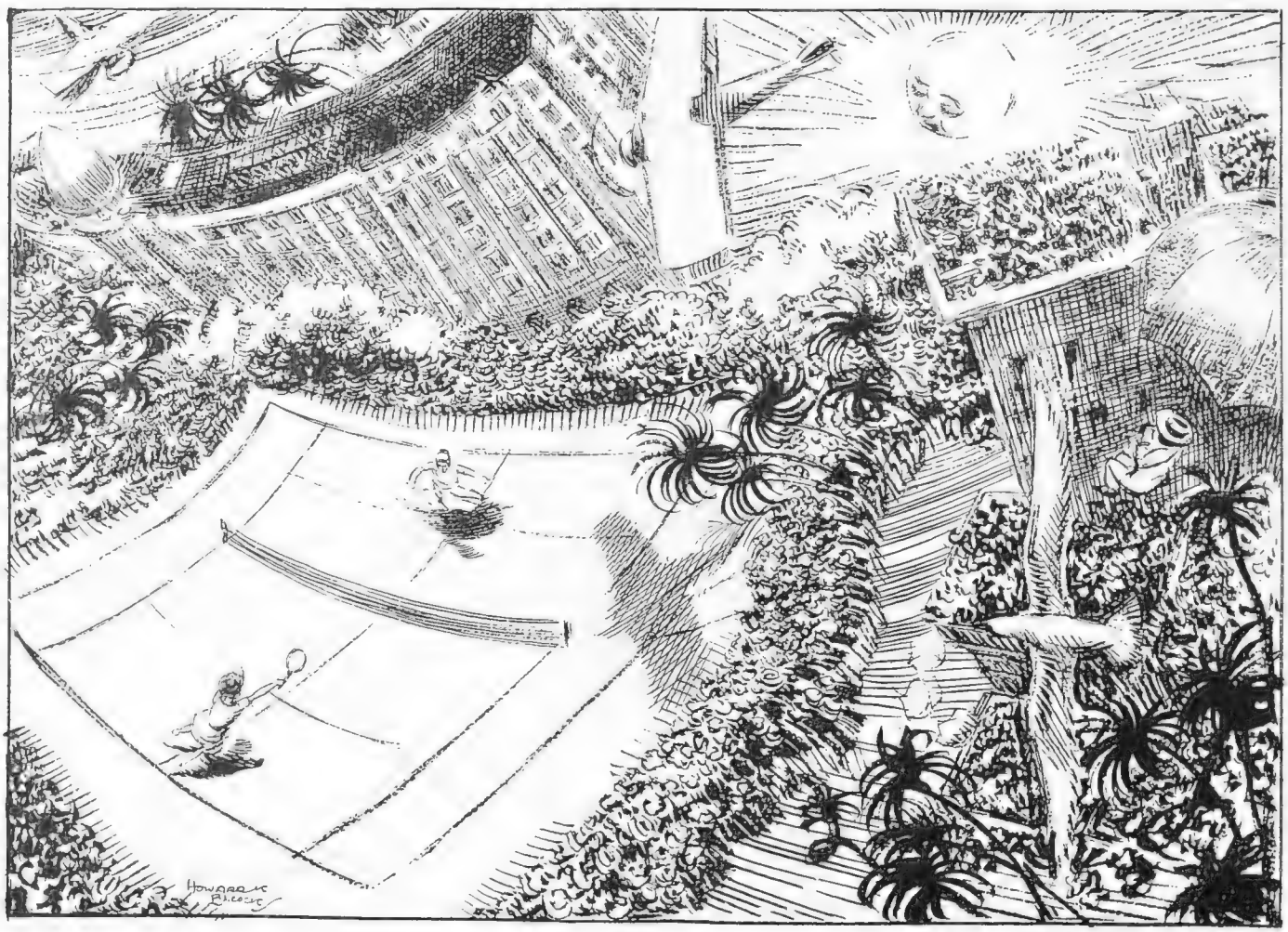
THE big crowd which watched the Lenglen-Wills match knew nothing of the etiquette of looking on at lawn-tennis. Shouts of protest, cries of disappointment, and protests against umpires' decisions often arose while a rally was in progress, and I rather wondered that the players preserved their equanimity and played as well as they did, but there were times when Mlle. Lenglen was visibly perturbed; indeed, from the very start it was obvious that the champion was not herself. Now and again she would seek for the opening and finish the rest in true Lenglen fashion, but for the most part she was hitting with extreme caution, and aimed to do little more than keep the ball in play on the chance that her opponent's errors would do the rest. This happened just often enough for her purpose, but it was a near thing. Miss Wills was playing the more enterprising game; she drove harder and often took her chances at the net bravely and successfully. Mlle. Lenglen hardly volleyed at all, but when she did her shots were rarely decisive. Many of Miss Wills's shots were losers only by inches. Had they been winners, the whole complexion of the match might have been changed. Miss Wills led by three-one in the second set, and later by four-three and five-four, but the champion was hitting rather more firmly at this juncture, and was running her about so much that the effort cost her dear, and she could not quite sustain it. Mlle. Lenglen made it five all with a love game and also won the next, to lead by six-five. Then in the twelfth game came that nerve-wrecking incident of the misunderstanding over a return of Miss Wills when Mlle. Lenglen was within an ace of victory. After the court had been cleared of its invaders, Mlle. Lenglen managed to finish off the match all right, after losing the twelfth game, which she thought she had won, but she was all of a dither as soon as the strain was over, and I don't wonder.

H. S. SCRIVENER.

Sport and General

AFTER THE MATCH

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen with some of the flowers presented to her after winning the ladies' singles in the Cannes tournament. Miss Helen Wills, whom she just beat, is seen standing quietly on the right



BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A VERY LITERAL "DRAW"

Our artist's impression—purely a mental one, be it noted—of the excitement caused by the recent Lenglen-Wills match at Cannes

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"MOUNT AND MAN"

(By Lieut.-Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O.).

WE know Dick Turpin rode to York
And Gilpin rode to Ware,
While Jehu he
Drove furiously
In a chariot and a pair.
A man who throws a leg on a horse
Is bound to do and dare,
But none of the riders rode to hounds
And heard the Master swear :

Curse the motors ; Curse the frost.
Curse the wall where you got tossed.
Now then, gentlemen, don't be shocked.
Curse the gate that is always locked.
Curse the fool who stopped the Earth.
Curse the wire for all you're worth—
It put your nose in plaster—
But none of you—not one of you—
Can curse like the Master.

We know the Tower of Babel was
A wonderful affair.
It got so high
It reached to the sky,
'Twas a turret beyond compare.
The builders then began to converse
In language rich and rare,
But none of the builders rode to hounds
And heard the Master swear.

* * *

To you who make your Master curse
I dedicate this simple verse.
In the belief that all of you,
Who read McTaggart's volume through,
Will ride to hounds without disgrace ;
Will meet your Master face to face,
Knowing he will not term your steed
"A sanguinary centipede ! "

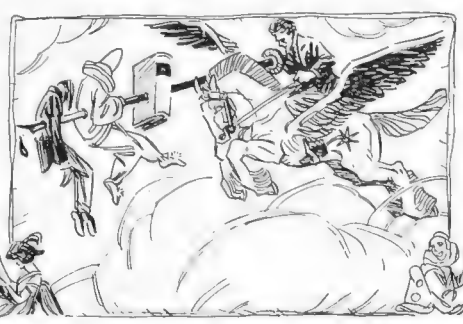
PROFESSOR J. McLEAN THOMPSON

(Who has preserved fruit by sending it to sleep).

HE'S found a way,
The papers say,
To make red currants keep
By sending them to sleep.

They hibernate,
And so retain
Their natural state
Till currants come again.

I hope he's right,
But, did you ever bite
A sleepy pear ?
We've got him there !



"A CUCKOO IN THE NEST"

MY readers ! I am sore perplexed !
How can I preach from such a text ?
How can I ever hope to find
The Moral that I have in mind ;
What Message for this Latter Day,
Within this most immoral play ?

Though quite broad-minded as a rule,
I deprecate the Modern School
That travesties the facts of Life.
What is more sacred than a Wife ?
And Truth, we know, is greater far
Than diamonds or rubies are.

So, Brother Walls, I must protest
Against A Cuckoo in the Nest
I fancied that your play would be
A tract on Ornithology ;
But, when unto my stall I got,
I found, alas, that it was not.

The levity of Brother Lynn,
When he discovered that the Inn
Had but one bedroom and one bed
For travellers twain who were not wed
Filled me with exquisite remorse—
I left the theatre, of course !

I left the theatre, although,
My wife, alas, seemed loth to go.
She chid me on my homeward way
And speculated all next day
On what the lady's husband said
About the bedroom and the bed.

Dear Brother Walls ! Dear Brother Lynn !
Eschew this wild career of sin.
Remove this sad dramatic blot !
Return what money you have got,
And—tell me what the husband said
About the bedroom and the bed !

THE RUGGER WORLD

A GOOD SHOW.

By "PENDARVES"

FOR Naval officers and men at sea; for Air Force officers, Leading Aircraftsmen, Corporals, Ack-Emma's, and all the heterogeneity of places like Iraq where the R.A.F. flies—and plays the game, here are some brief impressions of what you who were not, alas! there, and who did not even wallow in the Sunday papers at your ease, would have described as a "dam-good show," on the day when the Air Force crashed into the Navy at Twickenham.

A Saturday: thank goodness. Not a silly mid-week day when C.O.'s loathe being asked for leave. A day when week-end tickets can be procured: and Sweeties enticed out from parental fastnesses for lunch or dinner—or both—and a day following whereon one has not to pull oneself together at some poisonous hour of morning. Moreover, a day when the sun shone, without a breath of wind, and people in the East Stand discarded mufflers and had to pull hats down over their eyes. A day when most people opened the hoods of their cars, going down, the better that they might yell insults at fellows in other cars, pointing to their own bonnets and saying, "I thought you had a car! Sorry"—in fact a jolly day: a holiday.

And a first-rate Service match (than which there is no finer thing to see in all the realm of Rugger) as the *raison d'être* of the whole blissful business. The Navy beat the Air Force by a goal and a try to a try. But nobody cared tuppence-farthing about that. Incidents of the pleasantest kind overshadowed mere scores. The band of the Royal Naval School of Music playing most toppingly and stirringly on the vivid green grass. The entry of the rather sombre dark-blue clad Navy men followed by the gay "Air Force blue" jerseys and the claret-and-blue stockings.

Here a pause for homage a moment. The Navy side, for the first time in the history of Naval Rugger, was skippered by a Lower Deck rating. That entry first and alone, ball in hand, on to the playing field must have been, and probably always will be, one of the proudest moments in the life of Master-at-arms W. G. E. Luddington (H.M.S. *Thunderer*). And the whole Service was delighted about it too, and said so in its own particular way. For not only has this man got a dozen English caps to his credit, but is a sportsman in the best sense of that vague term. I should dearly like to see some of the official (but more particularly those unofficial) Minutes that were written about him a couple of years ago when his eyesight crocked, and the finger of medical authority pointed him to the exit door of the Navy. N.O.'s have Service Rugger very much at heart (you should see the ward-room of H.M.S. *Excellent* on certain nights!) and so, well—er—these things *can* be arranged. Good old "Ludders"! Pray heaven he is somewhere near me next time I get into a rough house in Pompey.

As to the game, it was, as one of them said to me just after "no side," "a series of biffs, and heavy ones at that." Though we couldn't feel them (thank heaven!) we could see that from the stands; and we continued to see it for forty minutes each way on a fast ground. Think what that means! It meant the exclusion of good Rugger. It meant the stultifying of any concerted form of attack. It meant chaos in both threequarter lines. But no matter: it was an exhilarating sight for the 6,000 spectators. And the thirty men concerned thoroughly enjoyed the biffing—except, possibly, the old warrior, C. N. Lowe, at centre three-quarter for the R.A.F., who was badly maimed in the first five minutes and prevented from giving of his tremendous speed thereafter—so what more do you want?

Honours were, I think all must admit, with the vanquished Air Force. Their forwards were giving away nearly a stone per man in weight. They only had five men playing who are accustomed to first-class Rugger and the big occasion. These five carried most of the weight of things upon their shoulders, though one of them was hurt early on. Lowe, Bryson, Russell, Chick, Rose—each one of these did the work of two, as far as tackling went: and Chick played like a flame about the ground, as usual. To these five, and they only, was due the highly creditable fact that the Air Force held a lead until on the stroke of half-time. And only once in the second-half did they let a much stronger and heavier Navy side through.

That they would be worn down eventually was inevitable. Thrusters like Luddington, Branson, William-Powlett, and Orr-Ewing in the Navy pack, with clever three-quarters like Lee, who scored both the tries, and Armytage, were not to be denied indefinitely; and with the kicking of the Navy goal by the skipper the end was at hand. A bruised and battered end—but a good one.

In fact, as everyone agreed, "a good show." Coupled with the name of Master-at-arms Luddington. The toast to be drunk standing—yes, on the ward-room table if you like. That *has* been done before. Hasn't it, *Vivid*? Hasn't it, *Thunderer*—and *Tiger*, and *Pembroke*. . . .?

Central News

GREETING THE VICTORS

Mr. Tim Healy, Governor-General of Ireland, shaking hands with the Irish XV who beat England at Dublin by 19 points to 15. This was Ireland's first victory since 1911

The Riddle of the Roads

BY DAVID WILSON

THE RT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "Another little shake won't do 'em any harm."

(The Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is rumoured, will collect any sum accruing to the Road Fund, over and above the fifteen or sixteen million pounds mark.)

Produced February 3, 1926

By "JINGLE" Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE humour of this play arises out of a series of painful disasters endured by an unoffending fellow-creature. And since it has long been an axiom among us that, however much we may protest our unctuous rectitude, we cannot help sniggering at the other fellow's trouble, it follows that this play provides a glorious opportunity for unrestrained mirth. The mirth-maker is Mr. Lynne Overman, who brings from "the other side" the subtler methods of American humour which always appeal to a people whose taste in humour is cultured and delicate. Such as, for instance, the English.

MR. OVERMAN figures on the programme as Sam Harrington, who has come to England to pay a visit to some friends in one of our fashionable hunting districts. "Sam Harrington" is not an unusual name, even in the United States, where preference is usually given to some kind of middle initial; and we learn at an early date that there is at least one other man in America of that name. He is the champion cross-country rider and broncho-steerer of California. When he meets a wild horse he just steps forward, throws the thing on its back and slaps its face, and wants to know what it is going to do about it. But our Mr. Harrington is not at all a rough fellow like that. Some years ago he was bitten by a horse (pronounced horrrse), and ever since then he has avoided equine society whenever possible.

As a matter of dramatic logic, therefore, it will be easily understood that, on his arrival in the hunting district, he is necessarily mistaken for the great Sam Harrington himself; and in a hunting district the best rider is the highest type of human being. Hunting people forgather at the Gilford's country home and speak with bated breath of the signal honour that is theirs in being favoured with the company of so great a man. There is some delay in his arrival, but this turns out to be due not to the native discourtesy of the superior mind, but to the simple fact that Mr. Harrington on his arrival in the district has presented his credentials at the wrong house. He is in due course located by a telephone message, and is eagerly given the address at which he is being anxiously expected. In reply, apparently, to his query as to how he is to reach the house in question, the speaker tells him just to jump on a horse and run across.

SOMEONE then asks if it is certain that there is a horse at "the other end" to bring Sam Harrington along, and we are told that there is, it is true, only one animal left in the stables, and that is "The Hottentot," so called from his savage and distinctly unfriendly bearing towards human beings. As the picture thus conjured up in the mind of the audience begins to assume positive shape, the giggle that the first announcement provoked develops into a definite roar. Here is a simple stranger, disliking horses intensely, who is being put on a wild racer with the very fair probability of coming off again a few moments later with a broken neck. And when a member of the company looks at his watch and says that Sam Harrington must have started by this time the laughter becomes one corrugated shriek of happy mirth.

STILL Sam does not arrive. The stable-keeper from "the other end" arrives after a swift cross-country ride, and is pained to hear that Mr. Harrington has not turned up yet. He says that he tried to keep pace with the flying "Hottentot," but lost sight of both horse and rider until he came to a wall jump, where he found "The Hottentot" browsing quietly as if he hadn't a care in the world. He certainly had no rider, so it looks as if Sam really has broken his neck in the course of taking what racing people call "a toss." Now, of course, the story begins to get really funny. And while the men of the hunting party rush to their horses to scour the country for their hapless visitor, Sam comes trudging with cheery optimism into the Living Room of the house. He looks as if he had been very

Stage Photo Co.

A "BOOKISH" MEETING

Ollie Gilford (Tom Nesbitt) and Larry Crawford (Arthur Wellesley) make a little book what time Mrs. Ollie Gilford (Norah Robinson) looks on approvingly

badly used, by the state of his clothes, while in one hand he holds his battered hat and in the other part of a horse's bridle and a considerable handful of a horse's mane. These little accessories apparently came off with him when he was thrown.

THEN Peggy Fairfax arrives on the scene. She is deeply concerned at the great Mr. Harrington's appearance, and is anxious to know if she can do anything for him. He says, in his quiet, unassertive way, that he is quite all right, but as he got his breeches torn in that last spill, if she could perhaps oblige him

with a safety pin—no? But Peggy, while having no safety-pin, is not disposed to leave the gentleman to walk about the house with his breeches slit up the side—especially so distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Sam Harrington, the crack rider of San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A. So, in spite of her blushes (and ours!) she produces needle and thread and makes at least a presentable botch of the dilapidated garment, and thus a new romance is born. Observant people in these matters draw their own conclusions when a young lady picks a piece of thread from a young man's coat—it is, they say, the first Try-on. How much more then, as Euclid would say, must be the emphasis of the gesture when the lady begins to mend the young man's clothes on a first acquaintance?

PEGGY FAIRFAX is herself the owner of a likely winner in the next day's steeplechase, and, taking Mr. Harrington for his Californian rival, she wishes to ask him a favour. She is entering her horse for to-morrow's race, but if he has come over to ride "The Hottentot" she will have to scratch. I am not a racing man, but I believe that is the correct term, although it does not, to my mind, sound exactly so, here. Mr. Harrington assures her on his honour that he has no intention of riding "The Hottentot" or any other horse any more. Peggy, however, does not wish him to go as far as that. For instance, if he is not riding "The Hottentot" it would be very nice of him to ride her horse, and thus make her a certain winner. Mr. Harrington, with the smiling resignation of a man cheerfully facing death for a lady's smile, agrees to her arrangement, because he loves her so, or thereabouts.

THEN things move swiftly. Up to this point Mr. Overman has been making all the fun, and very good fun it has been.

Stage Photo Co.

A STIRRUP CUP

Hugh E. Wright as Swift (left) catches the eye of Perkins (William Pringle). Sam Harrington (Lynne Overman) is too busy with the flowing bowl to catch anybody's eye!

Now, however, the play gets up and shakes itself out noisily. Mr. Harrington's friends in the stables, knowing his defective horsemanship, have purposely put Peggy's horse out of the running. Mr. Harrington is in a quandary; but he does the gentlemanly thing on a rather magnificent scale. He says he will not ride "The Hottentot" but only Peggy's horse. He solves the problem by buying "The Hottentot" (and Americans think no more of buying a racehorse than a street) and presenting it to Peggy so that he can ride, and win with her colours. Much of the fun (at which I, for one, apologise for laughing heartily) is built on the fears that haunt the hapless Mr. Harrington before the great race. One of the sportsmen tells him to listen for a moment, and after the sound of an explosion has passed by he is informed that they are widening the water jump especially on his account. Every time an explosion occurs after that Mr. Overman gives the appearance of a man troubled with a bad taste in the mouth. The scene of the racecourse is a magnificent display of wild vocal energy, indicating quite usefully the position on the course of this or that competing horse; but I think a far-seeing management will look to it that the third act is filled out a little more robustly. With such a star as Mr. Overman available this should be easy. JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

Mond, you are in the public eye;
Still your detractors rail at you;
Still Liberals wring their hands and cry,
"Mon Dieu!"

. . . . .

CRUFT'S Show seems to have been more successful than ever this year. It was certainly a legitimate excuse for all of us to go to the dogs.

. . . . .

MUCH perturbation was felt at Dover owing to the recent landslide. But Dover is accustomed to being in sad straits.

. . .

CERTAIN Indian newspapers are bewailing the cost that the Indian Navy will entail. Alakh-a-day!

. . .

"AH," quoth the orator, "these 'Reds' may look in the pink, but they're feeling blue, and will shortly find that they're done brown!"

. . .

A SCIENTIST informs us that fish make love. It is, of course, self-evident that every "jack" has a "gill."

. . .

THEATRICAL managers appear just now to be largely interested in Norwegian plays. We can almost hear Mr. Cochran exclaiming: "A Norse! A Norse! My kingdom for a Norse!"

. . .

MR. CHARLES POND used to relate the story of a publican who had in his bar a picture of a stag "by Watney of Pimlico." A correspondent states that he knows a landlord who owns the picture of "A Marsh by Romney."

NEWS reaches us that a Parisienne, who had a tiff with her *fiancé*, hired a street ruffian to assault him. It would appear that he got Apache for him.

. . . . .

"HE'LL never get a job on the Halls. He's far too much of a rolling stone."

"Well, I understand that he's gathered no Moss Empires up to now."

. . . . .

A MAN might do worse than marry a good cook, says a writer in a contemporary. As the poet says, he should wed one who is

"Versed in the arts
Of pies, custards and tarts,
And the lucrative trade of the oven!"

. . . . .

FROM a *feuilleton*:—"They had to dram him out of the army." Many hard drinkers would take this punishment in a philosophic spirit.

BY STAN TERRY

A "CUTTING OUT" EXPEDITION

THE LOOT (enjoying long conversation with pretty shop assistant): "What's the skipper signalling?"
THE GIRL: "Shorten sale"

A TRADE journal is of the opinion that stiff collars will shortly disappear. That will be good news for a lot of our Rugger players.

. . . .

MISS HELEN WILLS is said to have an excellent voice. It would be pleasant to hear her warble "The Lenglen Trail."

. . . . .

WOMEN are said to be developing Smoker's Face. That means, we suppose, that they are getting tobacco rings under their eyes.

. . . . .

WE cull the following from a provincial paper:—

"Sir,—Will you kindly allow me to thank the two young men who brought home my husband's cycle after having been knocked down? He is getting on all right now, and we wish to thank all who assisted in the accident."

. . . . .

THIS week's reflection:—There are many wives whose husbands evince a predilection for billiards who would joyfully welcome the abolition of the cue.

. . . . .

"YOUNG Cissy must pay a lot for her underclothes, Mrs. 'Arris."

"Yus. I wonder what she gave for that camiflage wot she's got on."

. . .

A PHYSICIAN says that to be caught in a heavy downpour is both healthy and stimulating. In other words, get soaked, and you'll feel as right as rain.

. . .

BOBBY had been repeatedly reproved by his nurse for untying his shoe laces. That night he added these words to his evening prayer, "And we have undone those things which we ought not to have undone."

. . .

MOST sailors, we read, carry a mascot with them on their voyages. We doubt, however, whether a ship's biscuit has ever been carried to ward off the weevil eye.

. . .

DOGS, we are told, enjoy a meal more than any human being. It is true that they rarely make any bones about it.

. . .

Now that girls are using aromatic lip-sticks, it is more certain than ever that kissing goes by flavour.

FIRST CLASS!

NEWLY ENGAGED GIRL: "Do the working classes do this, dear?"
THE MAN: "Er—I believe so, darling"
GIRL: "Well, it's far too good for them!"

BY JACK GORDGE

A "TRUNK" CALL

MOTHER: "And didn't Mother's angel enjoy himself at the party?"
MOTHER'S ANGEL: "Scrumptious party. Best of the season. Better call for the doctor!"

Eating for Clothes.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Heading by ALFRED LEETE

It is notorious that jewels are affected by the personalities of their wearers. On some women diamonds gleam much more brightly than on others. Opals on this girl are lucky and on that girl are disastrous. Rubies will sparkle on a hand that seems to deprive emeralds of life. The pearl on the breast of one stockbroker will look sulky and, on the breast of another, will glow. Perhaps it depends on the state of the wearer's market. But this is a serious subject.

Professor Dribblz and I have been making experiments, and we are now able to announce the epoch-making discovery that CLOTHES ARE AFFECTED BY THE FOOD THE WEARERS EAT. What is true of precious stones is true also of textiles. Men and women, who want their clothes to last and, when worn, look well, must for the future eat food that chimes with their attire.

The Professor got on to his present line through buying a fox fur for his fifth frau. She was a vegetarian when she was given the fur, which soon showed signs of wear and moth. The Professor sued the fur company, who said anything might happen to furs worn by a vegetarian and a fifth wife. Puzzled by this defence, the Professor made his wife eat chicken, and it is a fact that at once the fox fur began to pick up and soon was itself again. The Professor, therefore, lost his case, but simultaneously made his first wonderful discovery, viz., that, if you eat chicken and your fur moults, you have but to become a vegetarian to be convinced that you are wearing rabbit.

Professor Dribblz came straight to me, and that is why you have seen in all the newspapers the announcement of the great

EATING FOR CLOTHES BUREAU

with its remarkable slogan :—

"Let the soup suit the suit."

Have you got the idea yet? We do not know why pearls look dull on you, but we can tell you why your boots don't last. Ask yourself a few questions. Does the seat of your trousers last less long than you have the right to expect? Do your silk stockings ladder almost at once? Has your new bowler hat lost its gloss? Do your sock-suspenders always slither over your calves? If the answer to any of these questions is in the positive, you need our advice.

First, as to your boots. If they are of good leather, they have come from the skin of the ox or the heifer. Obvious, I should say, how unhappy such material must be upon a vegetarian, and that is why they so often wear footgear made of wood, presumably taken from nut trees. But even if you are a meat-eater, you may clash with your boots. For some leather comes from the coat of the cow, and its wearer therefore must be in the habit of drinking plenty of milk.

But you will want to know particularly about wool, from which the cloth for your suits and costumes is made. Bring your trousers and skirts to us and we will prescribe infallibly.

You see, you may be a mutton-eater and yet have elbows worn out before their time. The explanation is either that you are wearing English wool and eating Australian mutton or that you are wearing Australian wool and never chew anything but the genuine South-down. Nothing infuriates an English skirt or English pair of trousers more than to be expected to thrive on a person addicted to Colonial mutton.

In our Bureau we can say at a glance whether the wool used for your suit or frock comes from Britain, Australia, South Africa, South America, Russia or Iceland, and it is merely for you to discard what you are wearing or procure mutton from the country whence emanated your wool.

I do not suppose any girl has read thus far without appreciating that she must eat mulberry leaves if she wants her silk stockings to be happy. But, you will exclaim, a girl can't support existence on such a diet. Certainly not. Nor do we ask it of you. You must eat beef for your boots, mutton for your skirts, grass for your kid gloves, and just swallow a few mulberry leaves before dressing in the morning.

If you came to a conversazione at the Bureau, you would find these items on the food menu :—

Birdseed soup (for feathers).
Liquid rubber (for braces and suspenders).
No water (for camel coats).
Buns (for ivory ornaments).
Flies (for lizard hand-bags).
Fish, assorted (for seal-skin coats).
Mice and frogs (for skunk stoles).
Nuts (for squirrel necklets).

One of our greatest triumphs occurred last week. A beautiful girl client had to be told that she was eating all the correct things for the clothes she was wearing, and was about to depart in triumph. She produced from her bag a cigarette case and instantly the Professor leapt in the air.

"Look, look," he cried. "That case is rotting."

The girl saw that it was and frowned.

"It's shagreen," she observed. "Whatever must I eat for that?"

"Shark, of course," screamed my gifted partner.

The cigarette case is all right now, we hear, but not the girl. Well, well!

A visit to the Bureau is not absolutely necessary. We can deal with your case by correspondence. I propose to quote a series of four letters which show how difficult we are to baffle.

(1) *From the Hon. Mrs. A. to Us.*
My tiger-skin wrap is moulting. What would you advise?

(2) *From Us to the Hon. Mrs. A.*
Diet exclusively on cattle, deer, wild-hog, and pea-fowl.

(3) *From the Hon. Mrs. A. to Us.*
Tiger-skin grows worse. Is the prescribed diet correct?

(4) *From Us to the Hon. Mrs. A.*
Your tiger must have been a man-eater. Send at once to India for some black babies.

Really, I declare Professor Dribblz to be absolutely undefeatable.

"SEA LEGS" 'TWIXT CALAIS AND DOVER

BY BLAM

THE FLI

CK

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

IN THE HILL COUNTRY

BY HELEN McKIE

Our artist's impressions of the joys of motoring among the old hill towns of the Riviera

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WE are a little worried, on two or three counts, about our leading light comedy actress, Mlle. Spinelly. In a week or two we shall have said "Au revoir" to "Spi," who, succumbing to the persuasive eloquence of Mr. C. B. Cochran, is about to play in England for the first time, and it is not at all certain that we shall be able to welcome her back to Paris for a very long time.

PARIS nowadays, so far as an *étoile* of the *planches* is concerned, is a place for making a reputation, not for making a fortune, as salaries are not to be compared with those that are available in London and New York. Once a French artist has captured public fancy that can be translated into pounds and dollars, there is every inducement to go in for prolonged translation.

THERE are several reasons for fearing that you will withhold Spinelly from us for much longer than we desire, "Spi," like everybody in Paris—for Paris pays most of the income-tax in France—has found the *agent du fisc* claiming a very hefty chunk of her earnings and, having established a number of luxurious residences in days when it was less dangerous to be exposed to the rigours of the said *agent*, now finds the need to accumulate a more adequate margin. She has probably forgotten that there is an English income-tax collector also, and will be under the obligation of creating a still bigger margin to cope with both *agents voraces*.

AND she sets forth, too, with the intention of perfecting her English. This, I think, is an error, from which I have tried to dissuade her. English with a Spinelly accent is delicious, and, I am sure, would be found adorable by any English audience, whereas plain, straightforward English would be quite undistinguished. And as it is in Manchester that she will be playing first, it is there that she will get her first lessons. Think of the danger of contracting a Deansgate accent. I have an affectionate acquaintance with Irkopolis, but "Sithee, laad," and "Bai goom" would be too heavy a burden for the frail "Spi." She might have to undergo a very long course of unlearning.

MEANWHILE you will be interested to hear the real and only correct explanation of the report that Suzanne Lenglen was about to be married to an English Duke—what, in New York, would be called the "real inside dope." The said Duke, apparently at the instigation of the Prime Minister and the Government of Great Britain, acting in the interests of British sport, had only one object in mind—according to this absolutely unquestionable information—which was to force British nationality by marriage upon the frisky Suzanne so that all her future victories would redound to the credit of England instead of to the credit of France!

"Bavarding through his *chapeau*"

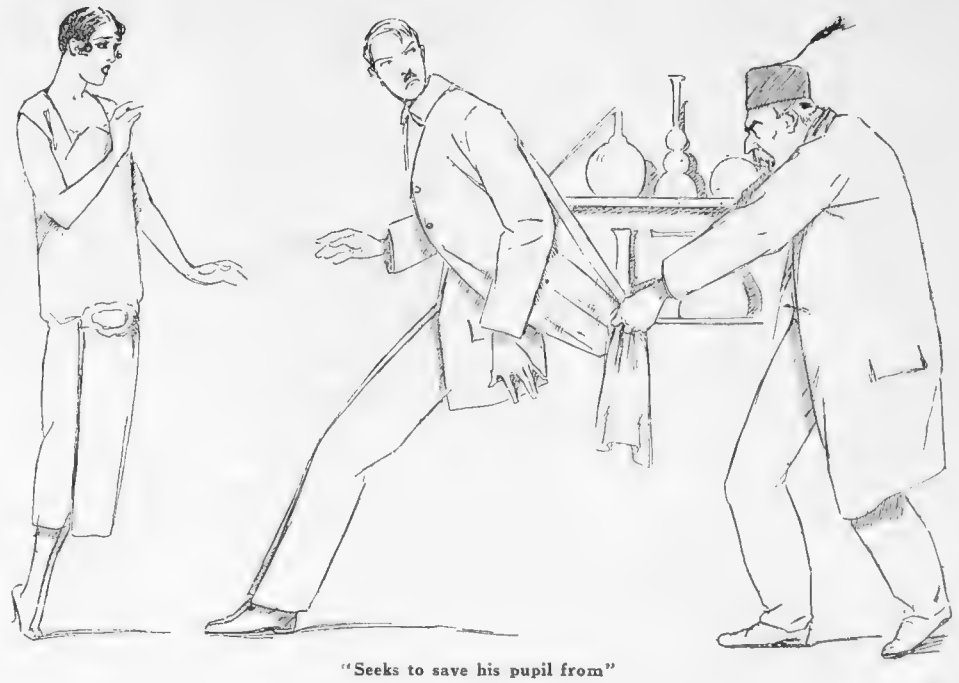
"The rigours of the *agent du fisc*"

WELL, it is very nice to learn that the Prime Minister and the Government are so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of keeping up British prestige on the playing-fields, and that there still runs through our Dukes that magnificent strain which would impel them to sacrifice themselves at the altar for the enhancing of the country's reputation; but if our authoritative French informant were not such a serious person, one could not help but tell him that he is bavarding through his *chapeau*.

AND one is inclined to think that it must be a six and a quarter *chapeau*, judging from the narrowness of the ideas emanating therefrom.

With all the most pompous gravity in the world our lynx-eyed sleuth—against whom the accumulated brains of the Intelligence Service would have but faint hope, in his opinion—announces that the projected marriage is a *com-plot* and an intrigue, both of them and simultaneously, and suggests that it should be made the subject of a diplomatic incident. What a pin-head!

ANYHOW it gives you an idea of the distance that still has to be covered by the bulk of French sportsmen before they pick up the real ideas of sport. As a fact, in the case of Suzanne Lenglen as in the case of Georges Carpentier, it was England that made known to France how supreme Suzanne stood in the world of sport, and how much she, like Georges in his best days, contributed to the prestige of France abroad. And I am willing to wager, on the basis of considerable experience of these gatherings, against this masterly detective who can pierce the most carefully guarded conspiracies, that when Suzanne plays in championships, either on the Riviera or in Paris, there are more Anglo-Saxon spectators than French.



"Seeks to save his pupil from"

THOSE rather uppish young fellows, the younger playwrights of Paris, who have been throwing their heads very high because one or two of them have been fairly successful in a thin period, will have to look to their very delicately perched laurels or they will find them snatched off by the young women. One very young woman, Mlle. Claude Dazyl, has just made such an excellent *début* as a dramatic author that it is certain there will be many attempts at emulation on the part of her youthful sisters, and the girls probably have much more "drive" in them.

"Throwing their heads very high"

MLLE. DAZYL'S play, *Thou Shalt Love Me*, was produced at the theatre of the newspaper *Le Journal*, where the management is revealing considerable talent in discovering good new works, and has surprised Paris by its crude strength.

IN business life a *pharmacienne*, who has spent several years studying chemistry, Mlle. Dazyl has developed her story amid the laboratory atmosphere, and her theme is the rather unusual one of the conflict between woman and the scientist who is absorbed in his work. There is a very fine passage in which a father seeks to save his favourite pupil from the woman who has determined that he shall love her, the woman being the old professor's own daughter, in whom he has detected all the perverse and dangerous instincts which, in her mother, had caused him so much suffering. The young author, naturally, makes the woman triumph over all the obstacles, but she does not run away from the consequences. If this is not Mlle. Dazyl's "only" story, she should do very well as a playwright, for she has dramatic gifts that are lacking in many supercilious *jeunes*. RENÉ.

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH

SHE sighed contentedly and snuggled closer to her man. For several minutes she remained thus, until there came a sudden change over her and she opened her eyes wide with horror, her sweet lips drooped pathetically as she convulsively clutched Arthur's arm, causing him to wince. Her breath began to come in long-drawn-out sobs. Appealingly she called "Arthur! Arthur!!" but his back was turned upon her. Perhaps he did not hear, or did not wish to hear. Tears of anguish stood in her beautiful blue eyes as she felt the very breath of life being shaken from her. Oh! Could nothing be done to relieve this terrible anxiety? Again she called, "Arthur!" but he still stared stonily away. She came near to hating him then, he seemed so composed. Suddenly she lurched sideways with a sickening movement. She tightened her arm about Arthur's waist to steady herself. Deathly white to the lips, she gasped for breath, her face screwed up in a horrible contortion of fear, but gradually the roses came back to her cheeks, she breathed more easily, and her eyes lost that haunted look.

"Bit rough that last piece of roadway!" exclaimed Arthur, as he swung off the saddle of his motor cycle, and carefully helped his fair passenger off the pillion.

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Picture Cards from Two Packs

A HOUSE PARTY AT CHEQUERS *P. and A.*

The photograph shows in the front row: Lady Margaret Spencer (left), Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Master Colin Munro (the Premier's grandson), the Prime Minister, and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Howard; Centre row: Miss Betty Baldwin (left) and Mrs. Davidson; Back row: Mr. J. C. Davidson (left), Sir Ronald Waterhouse, Mr. A. W. Baldwin, Mrs. Munro and Capt. Munro.

Photographs *I.B.*

MISS BETTY MANNERS AND COLONEL LESLIE

LADY WARRENDER

Two photographs of some members of the field at a recent meet of the Belvoir at Holwell in Rutlandshire. This hunt has had very good sport during the last few weeks and the Duke of York and Prince Henry have been out fairly frequently with the pack

FATHER WILLIAM

UP-TO-DATE

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE ORIGINAL IN 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND')

By

R. H. MALCOLM.

" YOU are old, Father William," the young man began,
" And you've never been up in a 'plane,
Though surely 'tis clear that the up-to-date man
Soon will travel by aerial train."

" In my youth," Father William replied, " 'twas indeed
Quite exciting to move at a crawl,
But as the earth moves at incredible speed,
Why, an aeroplane's slower, that's all ! "

" You are old," said the youth, " now there's wireless, you know,
So the ether is loaded with sound,
And when you hear 2LO calling ' Hello ! '
You are mystified quite, I'll be bound ! "

" In my youth," said his father, " I frequently heard
Charles Dickens reciting his works,
Before wireless marvels had ever occurred,
So I did pretty well in the ' circs.' "

" You are old," said his son. " Relativity quite
Upsets the views held for so long,
And proves that the measurements you thought were right
Are, thanks to Velocity, wrong ! "

" In my youth," said his father, " we'd never believe
That a square was remarkably round !
And ' straight as an Englishman ' still I perceive
Is a measure accepted as sound."

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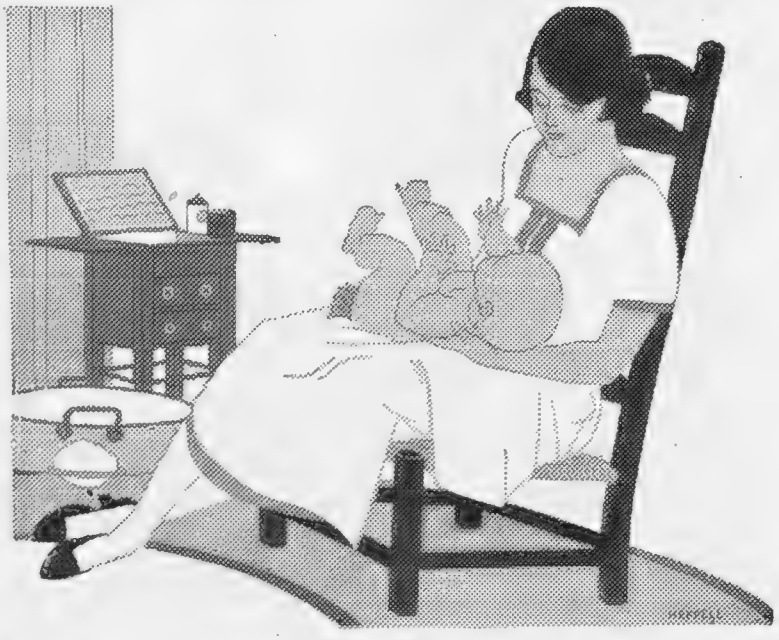

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Shakespeare and White Elephants

By Blanchette — *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February 22.*

DEAR COUSIN—

AM rather inclined to think that Shakespeare, though admittedly the world's greatest dramatist, was sometimes somewhat dull in parts. Don't mistake me, please, dear cousin. I like the man, and think he was quite often very human, and all that sort of thing. But, oh, how awfully ordinary, not to say tedious, not to say boring, he

"Consums coffee with an air of dissipation"

could be at times. Which is, I suppose, only in the end to say—human.

卐

THERE'S a lovely word I learnt only the other day out of cross-word puzzles (have you fallen for them yet? I'm a victim of only a few weeks' standing, but already quite absorbed, when the moment arises, in this most soothing and innocuous of drugs). Word of ten letters it is, meaning smasher of idols, iconoclast, to wit. And that's what I don't aspire for one single moment to be, first of all because it oughtn't to be done, and secondly and finally because it can't. But I do believe rather in picking holes in national idols, and so forth, whenever necessary, and as regarding the aforesaid W.S., I have a few words to say (loud cheers—or otherwise, as the case may be).

卐

WELL, this Shakespeare, you know, I do rather adore him. He says such marvellous things, as, for instance, even now and then in that not too frightfully good play of his that they're giving at the New Theatre, *Much Ado About Nothing*. It would *have* to be a *fairly* good play, whatever it was, because darling Henry Ainley is playing in it, but there's more to it than that. Madge Titheradge for one thing, as Beatrice to his Benedick—they say such charmingly rude things to each other and finally merge so sweetly and sentimentally into . . . well, anyway, they get off all right.

卐

YET Shakespeare, with all his faults we love him still, as the saying goes (one of his own, methinks). Just because he's *big*, that's why. And, oh, what a nasty niggling little world it is in some ways these days, is not it, what? Most especially when the Americanos, those so delightfully though occasionally annoyingly crude persons from across the foaming ocean, take a (occasionally somewhat roughish) hand in the game. So fearfully serious and funny they are sometimes about our peers and peeresses who've happened to encounter (quite casually) the divorce court on their way through life. . . .

卐

BUT talking about white elephants—which we weren't, really—I am told that at this very present moment there is alleged to be a certain slump or lack of demand for one of our greatest national institutions, to wit, the good old Albert Hall.

卐

A GREAT and glorious relic this, you know, of the good old days of Victoria the Great and Albert the Good, and not by any means to be despised, as some rude persons of the baser sort (see Scripture) seem just a little bit inclined to do. And

"Annoyingly crude persons across the ocean"

"At the Stage Guild Ball"

surely, indeed, there must be *some* good use for it. What about, *par exemple* (seeing that there's a housing shortage), having masses of flats all around the fringe thereof, and (as any amount of the very best actors and actresses are out of work) a perpetual show to be going on right in the centre all the time? Thus you'd have your theatre *and* your audience always to hand, so to speak, wouldn't you?

卐

ALSO and likewise, if I may make so bold as to suggest, *dis donc*, we can yet further add to the amenities, as you might say, of this ideal community. A circular stage having been provided in centre, there could also be a smart restaurant with supper tables and dancing floor round *that*. And why not just a few smart hat and frock shops to fill up the odd corners? . . . And, come to think of it, a club or two, a pub. or two, and . . . Well, in the end why not absolutely just one delightfully self-contained little world—and no need at all to worry about the weather! . . . *Quelle* rather glorious *idée*—and *how* the original great and good Albert would have *hated* it!

卐

HAVE a great big Albert Hall ball there, every week, too—that's another alternative, and what a fearfully and frightfully fascinating one! All of us dressing up once *par semaine* and losing our own present and urgent and sometimes, perhaps, rather boring personalities in the great big medley of all the past ages that lie before us to choose from. . . . Egyptian or Georgian, Stuart or Tudor,

ancient Athenian or modern Apache. What a perfectly delightful and refreshing rest it would be, wouldn't it, if only we were medically prescribed that ideal once-a-week fancy dress ball, as *per* and after the manner of the great Chelsea Arts affair that's due at the aforesaid great Alb. Hall on March 3 as ever is or will be?

卐

Completely and entirely Egyptian this one's going to be, so they tell me, what with Mr. Howard Carter of Tut fame running the show and a great Goddess of Fire presiding over the whole somewhat joyous affair. Because, you know, it doesn't *really* matter so very much what we go as to a Chelsea Arts Ball so long as we go in the right and proper reckless spirit. Another fancy dress affair which proved thoroughly and indubitably successful, cheerful and house-full was the Stage Guild Ball which brightened up that Mecca of marrows, to wit, Covent Garden, more than a bit last week. The Stage was conspicuous by its presence, and the revels, suppering, and so forth, carried on with all due vigour till milkmen had ended their "trivial round."

卐

But talking about London and all the alleged pleasures and enjoyments thereof, I really do believe the so-called Little Season has rather begun to get into its stride, so to speak. Smart pubs. such as the Berkeley and Ritz and Claridge's are brightening up with

"Powder their intellectual noses"

sumptuous lunches partaken of by the best people, and innumerable dinners and suppers are indulged in by the indubitably rich *chez* the Savoy, Ciro's, and the Carlton. Fay Compton has been shingled (one of the very, very last of the old long-haired brigade), and all's more or less all for the best in a more or less spring-like world.

卐

Yet all the same, it seems, there's a war on. A sex war. Isn't it terrible and also too frightful? Especially, of course, between some of the youngest members of the sexes—only two, what a pity, isn't it, there aren't more of them, sexes, I mean?—undergrads and undergraduettes or (so-called) undies, to wit. "Nervous and spotty youths," says she, disdainfully, "who consume coffee daily with an air of manly dissipation." "Oxford," says he, rather more subtly, "contains three thousand young men ready to throw themselves at the feet of any pretty girl who appears. It is only force of circumstances that makes us seem unsociable." A nastyish knock, what? Though must rather agree with him that it wouldn't be an altogether bad idea if more of the aforesaid undies took steps to powder their intellectual noses, not to say brush their erudite hair.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

By Con H. Lomax

"CHINA, S.W.7"

An artist's impression of one of the "stunts" being prepared for the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall next Wednesday, March 3rd. This tableau, prepared by the St. Martin's School of Art, purports to show the triumphant return from exile of King Wên Kung, and not, as might be supposed the bearing off of the models from a rival School!

a good word for everybody

BASS

The greatest compliment that any man can pay to his taste and thirst is "*Bass*"! It's brewed in the fine, traditional, Bass way from the choicest hops and malt. Wholesome, healthful goodness goes with its sparkle, snap, and deep-down satisfying refreshment.

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Riding to Hounds

WHETHER the general standard of riding to hounds is as good as it was in the old days is doubtful. In many of the fields in the Midlands you will see men who were prominent twenty years ago still leading the way. Many of the young cavalry officers who have had the advantage of the training at Weedon are showing remarkably good form with the hounds. The labours of men like Malise Graham and Geoffrey Brooke have not been in vain. Indeed, I doubt whether we could ever have shown more really good riders among our cavalrymen than there are to-day, and this in spite of the ruthless curtailment of this branch of the service. Those who read Osbaldeston's biography cannot fail to have been struck by his repeated references to the over-riding of hounds. This mischief is bad enough in some countries nowadays, but it would seem to have been a great deal worse in the time of the redoubtable Squire. A popular and experienced M.F.H. recently suggested that nobody minds being dressed down for over-riding hounds. The veterans, he declares, like it because they are delighted to be reminded in this way that they are still able to take so prominent a position. And as for the youngsters, he points out that it is in their blood to try to beat each other in getting to the front.

The Hunter Show

I HOPE followers of hounds will do their best to support the hunter show at Islington next week. The society for the improvement of light horse breeding has done a great deal of valuable work, and its annual display at Islington is always very interesting. The entries are not quite so strong as they were last year, but the falling-off is mainly due to a drop in the number of stallions competing for the King's Premiums. One of the features of the show will be an exhibition class showing types of horses required in the Army. The animals have been selected as good average types, though they are not necessarily the best available. A proportion of young horses will be included to indicate how Army remounts appear before being trimmed and conditioned.

WITH THE FERNIE *Bale*

Miss Constance Holsord, Lady Stalbridge and Mrs. Massey photographed at a recent meet of the Fernie. Lord Stalbridge is one of the join' masters of the pack

Army Polo in India

FOR some time past there has been talk of the visit of an Indian Army polo team to this country in the coming season. The matter has got so far as correspondence between the Hurlingham Club and the Army authorities in India. It is thought that such a team will help to solve the problem of selecting an adequate side with which to challenge America for the International Cup next year. An Army team was chosen to play in the recent Indian Polo Association Championship. Considering that neither the Jodhpore nor the Bhopal teams competed in that tournament, it was expected that the Army four, comprising Major Vigors, Captain H. A. Williams, Major E. G. Atkinson, and Captain A. L. B. Anderson, would not have much difficulty in carrying off the championship. Imagine the disappointment which prevailed when this team was well beaten in the final by the Scouts, a side which included the old international player Colonel Commandant H. A. Tomkinson. After this set-back the prospect of a representative Indian Army team being sent to this country appears to be rather remote, but there is a possibility that a stronger military side will be playing in the big tournaments at Delhi this month.

Poole, Waterford

AN IRISH MEET

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Earl of Harrington's hounds at Lock's Park. The group includes Lord Petersham, M.F.H., Capt. and Mrs. Drury-Lowe, Mr., Miss and Miss Honor Barber, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Beaumont-Checkland, of West Hallam

1627

Greatest of the great Jones family

There is something a little droll to modern notions in calling a man named Jones the 'English Palladio'; but it was natural enough that Inigo Jones should have been so known to his contemporaries, for the very name of Andrea Palladio for them connoted the summit of architectural achievement.

This humble cloth-worker's son, humbly apprenticed to a joiner, was enabled by noble patronage to study art in Italy, and acquired a reputation as an architect so quickly that he was invited in his early thirties to Denmark by Christian IV; and thence in 1605 to the English court, where he finally became surveyor-general of royal buildings and, as designer of court masques, suffered sorely at the broadsword of Ben Jonson's satire.

By Appointment

It was in the third year of the first Charles that John Haig was first distilled. To-day John Haig occupies the same position among Scotch whiskies as did Inigo Jones among the architects of 1627.

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

MR. GILBERT BENNETT

Who thinks nothing of turning out three or four winners on a day's 'Chasing. His successful stable at Alfriston shelters three Grand National aspirants

Jack Anthony

It is interesting to know it is finally settled that, all being well, Jack Anthony will ride Double Chance in the Grand National. Curious that a season or two back, people were saying that Jack had lost his dash and was not so good a rider over the fences as he was. During the present winter nobody has done better in steeplechasing than Anthony, and his reputation stands as high now as ever it did. There is little need to remind you of his fine record at Aintree. He ranks alone among modern jockeys in having ridden three winners of the National—Glenside, Ally Sloper, and Troytown. Last year he looked like adding to the number when he was first over the final fence on Old Tay Bridge. But that horse hates to be in front, and it was bitterly disappointing to Anthony to find himself run out of it on the flat by Double Chance.

Double Chance

It is well known that this horseman has had the choice of several mounts in the National this year, and it is significant that he has decided to accept the offer to ride last year's winner. Double Chance naturally has a much stiffer weight-carrying task this time, but one of his formidable opponents has disappeared by the lamentable death of Fly Mask. Moreover, Silvo is still under suspicion, though the veterinary report issued concerning him last week was reassuring. Only thrice during his career has Double Chance been known to fall. Two of those occasions were when he was out hunting and no blame attached to him. He has got through a couple of races this winter without his doubtful leg causing him any trouble, so there is a good chance that he will remain sound until the big race. He is, however, not a horse who should be backed at his present price. If you have to accept smaller odds about him at the Liverpool meeting, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you have backed a reasonably sound horse.

This Week's Meetings

The chances are that we shall have another glimpse of Double Chance in the National Trial Steeplechase at Gatwick on Friday, though he will not run there unless Anthony can take the mount. This race looks like living up to its title, for among the prominent National horses which can compete are Bright's Boy, Old Tay Bridge, Mount Etna, Misconduct, and Patsey V, whom we have not seen for a long time. At the weights I think **Old Tay Bridge** has the best chance. Another attractive event on the second day at Gatwick is the International Hurdle Race, which **Blaris** may win. Earlier in the week we have promise of excellent sport at Newbury. **Master Billie,** who is being talked of as a Grand National outsider, might win the Newbury Steeplechase, and **Glen Andred** the Greenham Hurdle Race. I shall be disappointed if this week's racing does not throw some light on the well-being of some of the most-discussed National horses.

BY APPOINTMENT

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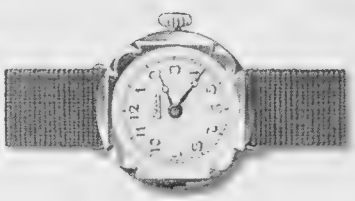

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"My advice to women who wish to preserve their beauty"

by

MISS ZENA DARE

A personal interview prior to her first public re-appearance in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," at Golders Green, London

". . . soap and water cleanse the surface. But skin beauty is not a matter of surface care. It is imperative that the pores and tissues be freed of impurities regularly every day."

"The Gay Gordons"

Miss Zena Dare—name of magic memories of "The Gay Gordons" and "The Catch of the Season" and many other of the great successes of George Edwardes and Seymour Hicks—is still the same Zena Dare to-day, the same vivacity, the same flashing smile, the same air of gay vitality, and the same clear, flawless complexion that made her the favourite of thousands of worshipping theatre-goers fifteen years ago, when she left the stage to marry the Hon. Maurice Brett.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"

The thousands to whom Miss Zena Dare is endeared by memories of her charm as well as the tens of thousands to whom she is known only by fame were interested to hear of her return to delight us on the stage once again. Her great success in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" is now common knowledge.

"It is needless for any woman to envy another's fairness of complexion," says Miss Dare, "for I think eight of ten women can, by proper care of the skin, make their complexions what they would like them to be."

Every woman has her own beauty

"Of course," added Miss Dare, "taking a number of women, you will find that the skin does vary in what I might call 'texture'—some have a thin, transparent skin, some have a fair skin, some a dark skin, some skins are dry, some inclined to be oily—but, nevertheless, each type of skin has its own beauty if it is kept healthy and *clean*."

Soap and water not sufficient

"You hold, then," I remarked, "that soap and water are not sufficient to keep the skin clean in the sense in which you use the word."

"Yes," replied Miss Dare, "soap and water cleanse the surface. But skin beauty is not a matter of surface care. It is imperative that the pores and tissues be freed of impurities regularly every day."

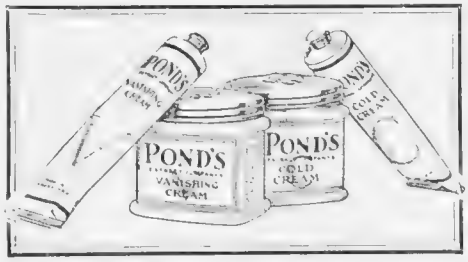
Pond's Cold Cream

"How do you effect this?" I inquired.

"Very simply. It is the same method that, I notice, others have already referred to in the Press. Pond's Cold Cream the last thing at night. I think this should be made a regular habit. Nothing clears the skin of all the deeply-lodged impurities like this wonderful cream. I am confident that coarseness and lines and wrinkles are largely the effect of clogged pores, which prevent the skin from functioning properly. After a good cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream the skin is left clean and clear and able to relax and rejuvenate itself during the hours of sleep. On occasions I think it is a good thing also to cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream after any particularly long exposure in the open air."

Dorothy Wilding

Zena Dare



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS. USED BY THOUSANDS OF CHARMING WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE

Pond's Vanishing Cream

"The second step in this simple method of skin care," concluded Miss Dare, "is the very natural one of protecting the delicacy of appearance which the Cold Cream has produced from the effects of exposure by using the daytime cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. I think one should always use a little of this cream before venturing out of doors, or before coming down to dinner, or at any time when one desires to look particularly captivating. It gives the skin a fine, smooth, fresh appearance."

Free Massage Chart

Take care of your skin. Begin to-day to follow the method Miss Zena Dare so heartily commends. Your beauty, like hers, can be guarded by a regular daily dose of Pond's Two Creams, which do not promote the growth of hair on the face. Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse and rejuvenate—a massage chart given free with each tube teaches you a quick and simple method of preventing lines and wrinkles and of smoothing out all signs of age or weariness. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream during the daytime to protect your skin from roughness, redness, chaps and other blemishes. It vanishes instantly, leaving a delightful odour of Jacqueminot roses, and forms an excellent base for powder.

Special Sample Offer

Fill up this coupon and post it together with 2d. in stamps. We will send you by return sufficient of Pond's Two Creams to prove their beneficial effect. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in handsome opal jars, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes, 7½d. (for handbag) and 1s.; the Cold Cream, also in extra large tubes, 2s. 6d.

COUPON

Generous Trial Samples

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 358), 103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your TRIAL TUBES of *POND'S COLD CREAM* and *POND'S VANISHING CREAM*, together with your Home Massage Chart.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

"BOLSHIE" BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"At my club," writes a correspondent, "they call me the 'Bolshie' because at Bridge my original call is from my shortest and weakest suit. Of course, my partner almost invariably takes me out if the opponents have not already done so.

"I will not anticipate your arguments against this form of calling, but will tell you some of the advantages I experience. I lose less (or win more) than I did calling from strength. It obliterates the initial call of a weak No-Trump, to which I was rather addicted, and I often get a good double by forcing up my opponents in the suit I should have called. It leads to some very interesting hands to play. You may be interested to learn what led me to adopt it. I was staying at an hotel with one of the directors, and a lady of London Bridge Club fame and her husband challenged us to a game of Bridge in his private room. Over our port I suggested to my friend that we should call from weakness instead of strength on the understanding that we always took one another out, and we agreed to play it as a secret convention for fun.

. . . . . .

"I will call myself 'A,' the lady opponent 'B,' my partner 'C,' and the husband 'D.'

"A dealt, and had six Spades to the Ace, Queen, and no Diamonds.

"A: 'One Diamond.'

"B: 'You said a Diamond?'

"A: 'Yes, just one.'

"B: 'No bid.'

"C: 'Two Clubs.'

"D: 'No bid.'

"A: 'Two Spades' (left in).

"B leads the Ace of Diamonds, trumped quietly by A with the two of Spades.

"B: 'May I see that trick, please?'

"A: 'Yes, certainly.'

"B: 'But did you not call a Diamond?'

"A: 'Yes. I am not very good at this game, but is there not something about a chicken?'

"B: 'Yes, but one never heard of anyone calling a Diamond without one in their hand.'

"C: 'You see, Mrs. ——, they play this game so differently in different parts of the country. In the Midlands, where my partner comes from, they play an entirely different game to what we do. I can see what the idea was; he wanted to find out where the Diamonds were. However, we must judge by results. Four by tricks in Spades is not so bad.'

"B: 'Yes, but I had five honours in Diamonds.'

. . . . . .

"Next hand:—B: 'No bid.' C: 'One club.' D: 'No bid.'

"A: 'One Heart' (having Ace, Queen, 10, etc., of Clubs).

"B: 'One No-Trumps' (left in).

"D (putting down Dummy): 'I have the Clubs well held, partner' (he has King, Knave, to five).

"B proceeds to play through the presumed strength in Clubs, snaffled each time by A.

"B to C: 'But I thought you went Clubs?'

"C: 'Yes, I know my partner. He always has a fistful of Clubs.'

"Result: One down.

"Of course, the game was illegally played as a secret convention for fun, but it was the start of my playing it as an open convention for the last two years, with, to me, satisfactory results. So if you hear of Bolshie Bridge you will know where it originated."

. . . . . .

While thanking my correspondent for his amusing letter, I am afraid he cannot claim to be the originator of "Bolshie" Bridge. A considerable time ago I wrote in THE BYSTANDER about "Spoof" Bridge, and prior to that on "Topsy Turvy" Bridge, both of which are identical with "Bolshie" in so far as the players bid what they have not got. I have taken part in rubbers of this kind, and as a "rag" it is quite good fun. But, of course, it is not Auction Bridge. It is a joke.

HOW

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH

IS MADE.

PICKING lemons in Sicily is divided into two seasons—the winter, or main crop, from October to May, but heaviest from December to March—and the summer crop, called Verdelli, heaviest in June, July and August.

The lemon groves are situated chiefly on the North and East coasts and are watered by supplies drawn from streams higher up the valley or by water pumped from wells. Lemons grown on the sea coast are not so robust as those grown further inland.

After lemons are picked, they are carted to the warehouses in boxes or baskets, where they are examined, defective fruit rejected, selected fruit being graded into several qualities. The full process will be described in our next advertisement.

All the lemon juice used in making 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash is absolutely fresh and is extracted from lemons gathered, packed and shipped by ourselves from Messina, one of the many reasons why 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash is so good. Cane sugar is added to the juice to make Lemon Squash ready for immediate use by mixing with water, hot or cold. A bottle makes from 24 to 30 drinks.

As a mealtime drink, 'Kia-Ora' is unequalled because its slightly acid sweetness blends with the flavour of all kinds of food. As an occasional drink it is refreshing and thirst-quenching; and as a night-cap mixed with hot water, with perhaps a little whisky, it is very soothing

Sold throughout Great Britain at 2/2d. and 1/2d. per bottle.

Sole Makers:—

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BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.1.

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ZENA DARE'S

appreciation of

Ciro Pearls

"I wear my Ciro Pearls at the same time as my real pearls, and they have the same charm to the eye. No woman need fear that her Ciro Pearls will be distinguished from real Oriental gems."

Zena Dare

What Miss Zena Dare thinks of Ciro Pearls is endorsed by all who possess these perfect replicas of the real. From every corner of the globe we are constantly receiving similar expressions of delight and satisfaction. You too would be equally charmed with Ciro Pearls, for no other gems lend the same subtle distinction to their wearers.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Ciro Pearl Necklet 16 in. long, with gold clasp, in case. Wear for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference, return to us and we will refund your money in full.

Write for Booklet No. 7 post free.

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Individual attention is afforded to ladies unable to pay a visit, and patterns, estimates, and measurement form are gladly sent. Special patterns will be submitted for tropical wear.

A selection of Maternity Corsets may be had on approval.

A useful Spring Frock of slender line in cinnamon beige charmelaine with collar of gaily-patterned Crêpe-de-Chine.

13½ Gns

SEPARATE CATALOGUES are issued for MATERNITY GOWNS, LITTLE ONES' CLOTHES, COTS, etc., also GOWNS FOR ORDINARY WEAR.

Kindly apply for any of interest to you.

BARRI, Ltd., 33, New Bond Street, W.1

THE PLAGUE

HOW WE CAN SQUASH IT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

In the same way, and at the same time, that we lords of creation have been sitting up to some purpose with regard to the increasing ravages of the human scourge we call cancer, and devoting much skilled research to the question of what we had best do about it, there has been a similar movement in doggy circles with regard to the equally deadly canine pestilence called distemper. Precisely as some old-fashioned reactionaries have shown a (possibly senile, certainly silly) inclination to pooh-pooh the stark facts and the demand for increased research regarding cancer, so some fanciers old enough to know better have wagged their heads over distemper discussion, and permitted themselves fatuous comments about unnecessary fuss, with suggestions that they and a few other gifted "old 'uns" are too knowledgeable to have ever found any terrors in distemper; the inference being that only young and foolish keepers of Dogs have anything to fear from its ravages.

The Kennelman does not wish to pontificate or to appear rude, but honesty and practical experience compel him to say that this sort of talk is all my eye and Betty Martin: misleading, mischievous, and without the smallest justification in fact. If any "old 'uns" really existed who were so knowledgeable as to be able to laugh at distemper and guarantee their Dogs against it, they would deserve hamstringing for not having made their invaluable knowledge public, thereby saving thousands of most valuable Dog lives. But the sober fact is that there never have been any such pundits; and that if we ever are given positive safeguards (as the Kennelman firmly believes we shall be), it will not be by any of these reactionary wisacres, but by patient modern scientists, as the result of patient and necessarily prolonged and costly modern research.

Already the researchers are well on the way to being able to confer immunity upon ferrets, animals very susceptible to distemper; and that is a long and hopeful step toward their goal: immunity for Dogs. Isolated kennels, runs, and infection hospital have been established at big expense on the farm of the National Institute for Medical Research; and money is now urgently needed for completion of the fine work so well and truly launched and the realisation of its immense reward for Dogdom. The British canine community consists of more than three million Dogs. This year looks like bringing new Kennel Club registrations of near sixty thousand pedigree Dogs. Here, then, is a fine opportunity to prove our appreciation of the "First Friend's" unique loyalty in his immemorial partnership with man. If a shilling were sent to the Distemper Fund with every Dog licence taken out and every registration of a pedigree Dog the material side of the problem would be solved this year. (Send to *The Field* office, or to the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly.) Think of the enormous gain for all future generations of British Dogs! It's a privilege to be able to provide the means, and there's no law to prevent any true friend of Dogs who can manage it sending twenty—or a hundred—shillings, instead of one; but something you *must* send, or you'll find a difficulty about looking your Dog friends in the face. It's life or death for whole battalions of the best of 'em, now and in the future. And they're too good to be sacrificed to Hunnish bacteria.

MACKINLAY'S
Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

ML

"The vitality of man is great"—CARLYLE

But man's vitality is not so great as not to need "Toddy" made with M.L. (Mackinlay's Liqueur)—especially when chills and ills are rife.

There's no use talking—TASTE IT!

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Per Bottle

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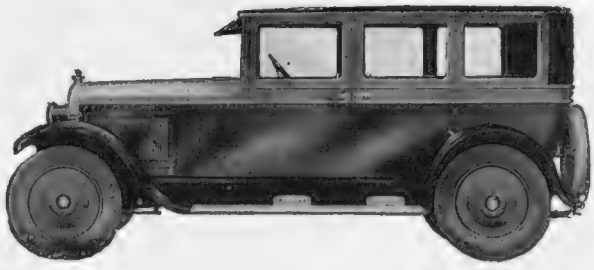
Also
Mackinlay's V.O.B.
Per 12/6 *Bottle*

Overland



A new definition of comfort—

OPEN the door of this OVERLAND Six Four-Door Saloon. Step in. Lean back and relax.

Look around you. Deep, restful upholstery of grey velour. Leg and elbow room in abundance for five. Six adjustable windows. Four wide doors. A rooflight . . .

Outside, long, semi-elliptic springs, snubbers, full balloon tyres. The whole achieving a new definition of riding comfort.

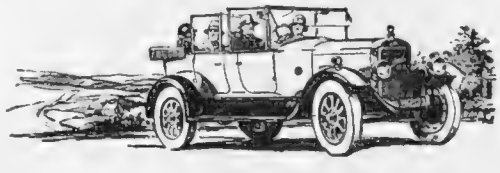
From the driver's aspect consider the six-cylinder engine that bounds with silent ease from 2/55 m.p.h. in top gear, its flashing acceleration, the front wheel brakes. At £375, the Overland is indeed the finest value in "Light Six" Saloons. Touring car, £325; Two-door Saloon in Olive Green, £340. Folder "BY" describes them all.

The BRITISH BUILT 13·9 5-STR.

A roomy, economical family car. Leading features are:—Front-wheel brakes, 136 ins. springbase, balloon tyres, rear screen, four doors, four colours, removable upholstery, motometer, clock, speedometer, driving mirror, windscreen wiper, luggage carrier, grease-gun lubrication, spare wheel and tyre, swivel headlamps. 5/50 m.p.h. 30 m.p.g.

£245

Four-Door Saloon, £340;
Three-Quarter Landaulette (18·2 h.p.), £295.
Send for Folder BY1



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10/15 H.P. CHASSIS (Short) Tax £11	**£200**
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All Fiat Models are fitted with Front Wheel Brakes except the 10/15 h p Model which can be supplied with same at an extra charge of £15.

Standard equipment for every touring car and chassis includes: Electric lighting set and starter, 5 lamps, clock, speedometer, spare wheel and 5 Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.

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FIAT (England) LIMITED

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

In some ways Mr. W. L. George's last novel, *Gifts of Sheba* (Chapman and Hall, 7*s.* 6*d.* net), must be considered to be his most finished piece of work. It was written, as you probably know, under conditions which might well have appalled a man of less courage, yet nowhere in it is there the least hint of weakness, and it is vividly real throughout. You used to hear George blamed for "always writing about women, on which subject he looked on himself as an expert." Such a statement, however, is not true. In private conversation he would often deplore the position in which editors all over the world had placed him. "They won't let me write anything else," he would say, "though, of course, I know no more about women than any other man who has studied and admires them." At the same time he was greatly interested in the question of women's present and future position, and in this last novel of his you have the problem stated in the clearest possible way.

A woman "in business" marries. Is she to give up that business and restrict her attention to her husband's home, or is she to continue? It is not wholly a question of finance. There is a type of husband who objects to his wife "working," if he has enough money to support her. There is also the complaisant type of husband who not only does not object to his wife "working," but will submit to be supported in part by her. In this novel, Isabel Eden's two husbands conform to these types, and at the end of the story the problem is left unsolved.

If, however, you are left wondering how Isabel is going to arrange her affairs, you can be more than satisfied with her story as told. It is an extremely good story. Your read on deeply interested and at moments thrilled. You may be horrified at Angus Hallam and his tame mice, but must recognise that he is no lay figure. Most accurately does he represent a school of philosophy which cannot be wholly ignored in these days. And at the end of it all, I fancy, you will agree with me in thinking that *Gifts of Sheba* is the most typical of all its author's works. It is sincere, forthright, dramatic—a book which may not be to everybody's liking, but one which cannot be read unmoved.

*

You will be amused with Mr. Kenneth Hare's *London Latin Quarter* (Lane, 15*s.* net), which is a meandering kind of book about the folk who do not go down to the City in tubes. Mr. Hare has met all sorts of painters and novelists and actors, and writes good-humouredly about them. He has spent hours in Chelsea and in the almost equally unconventional quarter round about Tottenham Court Road. He can tell you about sundry night clubs where evening dress is not essential, and about studio-parties, and about curious landladies. And his book is enriched by some charming pictures in colour by Dorothea George, though some of her portraits are not quite so happy as they might be.

*

It seems to me that in *The Fulfilment of Daphne Bruno* (Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. Ernest Raymond has completed a very remarkable portrait of a woman who will receive the sympathy and appreciation of all her sex. You will remember that in an earlier work Daphne was making tentative experiments with her life. As the daughter of a distinguished man of letters she wanted a career for herself. She wrote a novel which was a deplorable failure. She fell in love with an American who happened to be married, and married the rather ordinary man who had always been in love with her. And the book ended with the birth of a daughter.

What, you wondered, was her ultimate destiny? You felt that her marriage would not be an unqualified success: you knew that she would never forget the American who, you gathered, was also in love with her.

*

The problem is: What does a woman who is not placed in too easy an environment do in real life? In the books, of course, she can do anything you like. In the cinemas she can enjoy the most impossible adventures, and end up in the arms of the best-looking actor, no matter who he may happen to be. But in real life, what happens? She is at odds with her husband. She still wants her career. And there is that most innocent romance with the American. Is it possible to obtain what are called the finer things of life without breaking those rules which gentlefolk have lain down for their own guidance?

I do not propose to give away Mr. Raymond's story. It will be enough to say that Daphne's final triumph is the one which you know to be true. This is the sort of thing that *does* happen in life. And yet it is tense and dramatic and exciting. Taken together, the two books of Daphne must be counted no ordinary achievement.

*

I admit that I like reading *Whitaker's Almanack* and such-like compilations steadily through. I even enjoy plodding through mere lists of names. And so I welcomed *Whitaker's Cumulative Book List for* 1925 (10*s.* net). Probably some of you will not find much entertainment inside its carefully compiled pages, but if it does happen that you want to find Who wrote What in a very few seconds, here is the book for you. Seriously, it is a most admirable publication, with the double index of authors and titles which is so particularly useful.

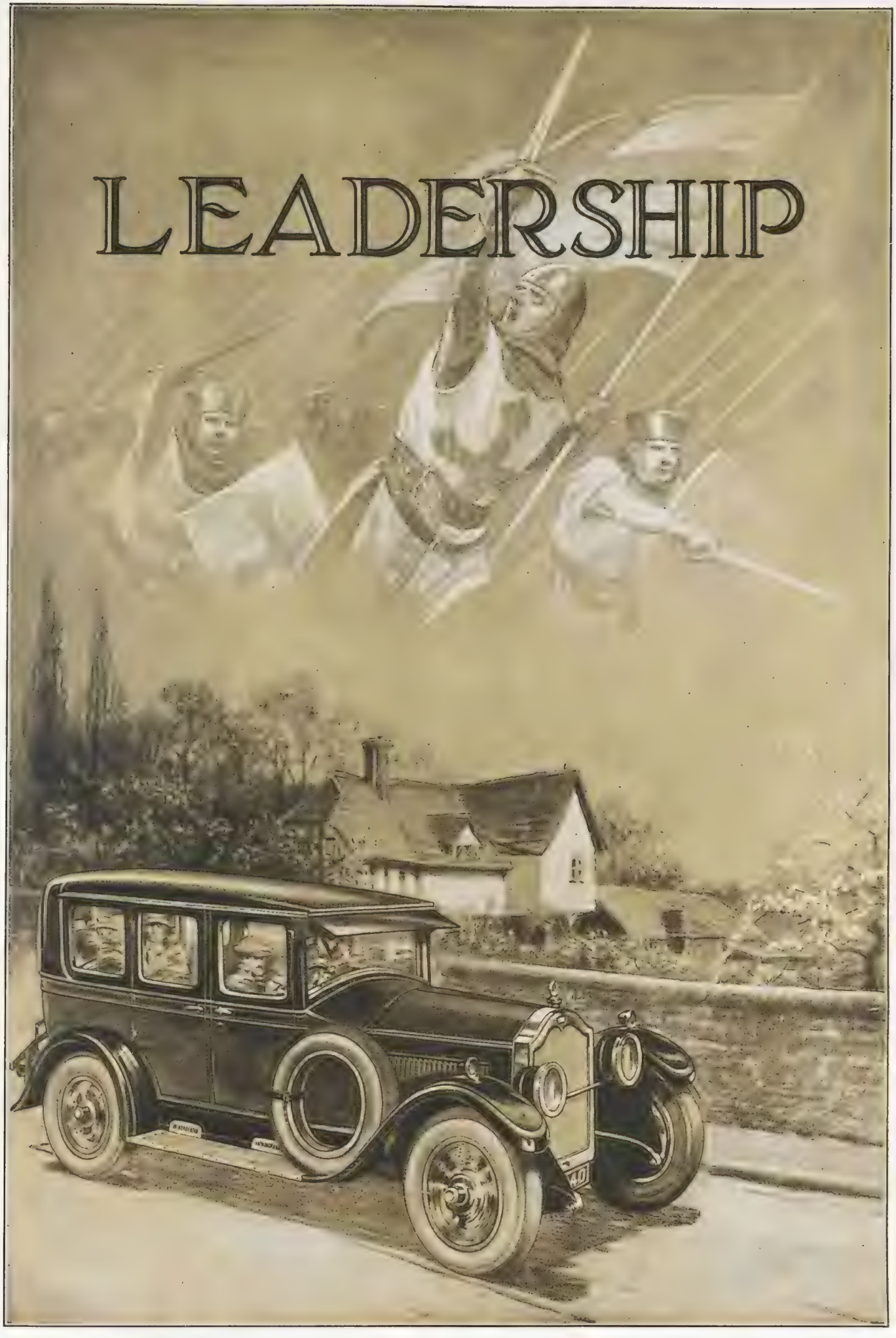
F. A. Bailey

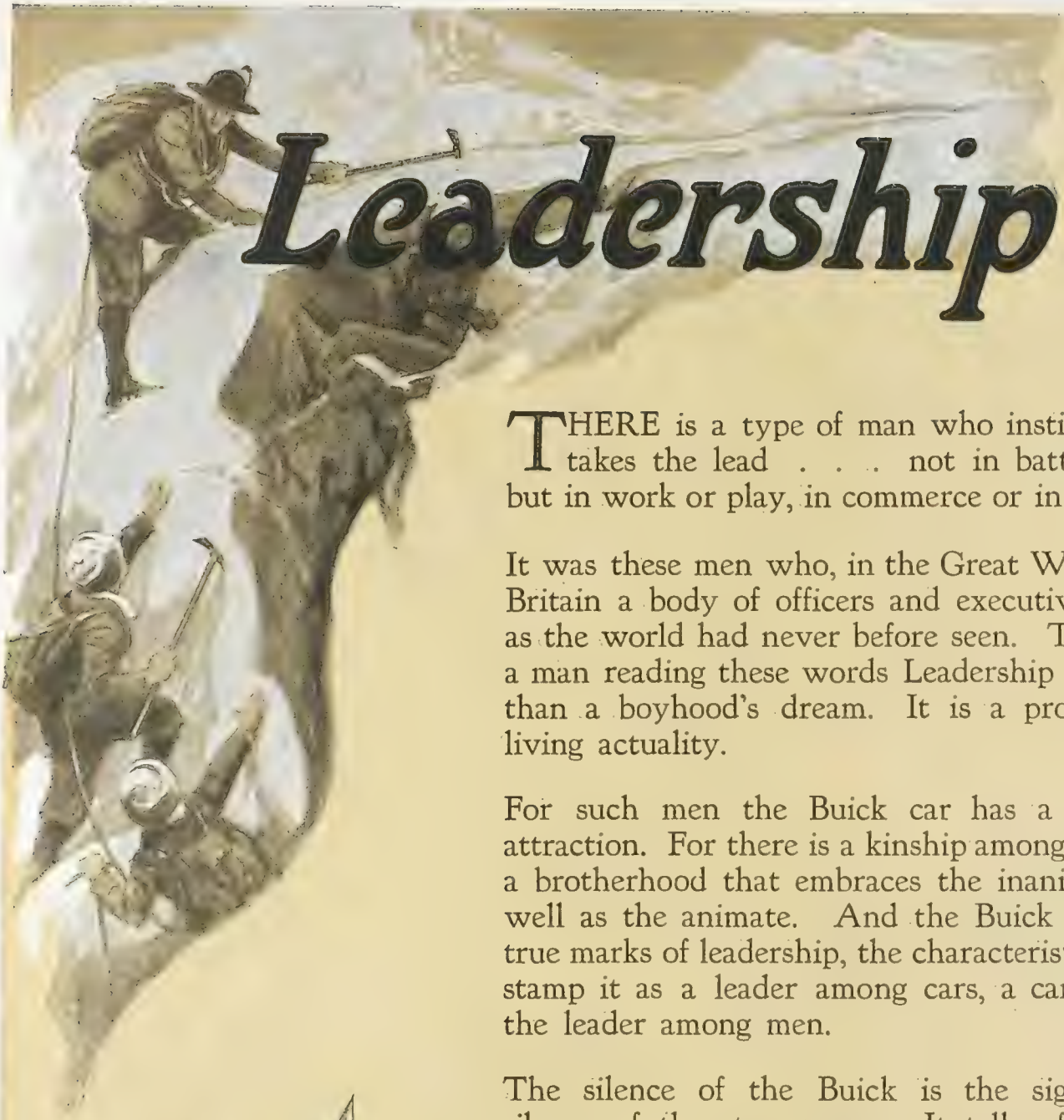
"SAY IT WITH A UKULELE"

Mr. Sydney Nesbitt who is appearing at the Café de Paris, sings to his own accompaniment on the ukulele. He is scoring a large and well-merited success

Dancing on Ice

When the keen skater has passed through the rather painful preliminary stages and feels himself firm on his feet his thoughts almost invariably turn to that most fascinating pastime—dancing on the ice. Inevitably, therefore, many books have been published setting forth the views of various exponents of this art. Quite one of the best is Mr. Ernest Law's *Dancing on Ice: How to do it* (G. Bell and Sons, 5*s.*), which is very evidently written by one who knows and loves his subject. Mr. Law covers practically the whole ground of ice dancing, and demonstrates as clearly as possible in his letterpress and diagrams how the different dances are skated. This book is one which should have an equal appeal to the accomplished skater and the learner.


LEADERSHIP



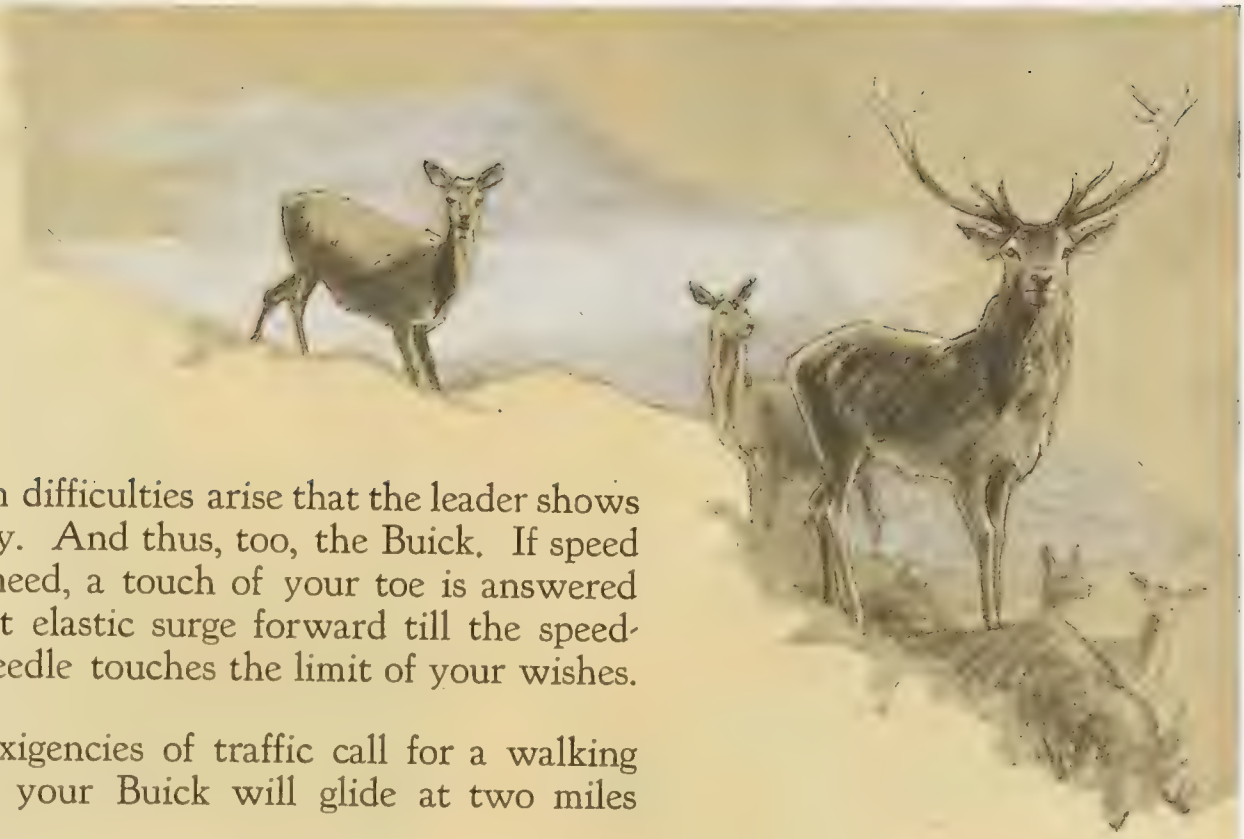
Leadership

THERE is a type of man who instinctively takes the lead . . . not in battle only, but in work or play, in commerce or in society.

It was these men who, in the Great War, gave Britain a body of officers and executives such as the world had never before seen. To many a man reading these words Leadership is more than a boyhood's dream. It is a proud and living actuality.

For such men the Buick car has a definite attraction. For there is a kinship among leaders, a brotherhood that embraces the inanimate as well as the animate. And the Buick has the true marks of leadership, the characteristics that stamp it as a leader among cars, a car fit for the leader among men.

The silence of the Buick is the significant silence of the strong man. It tells of power applied with quiet precision to its definite purpose.



It is when difficulties arise that the leader shows his quality. And thus, too, the Buick. If speed be your need, a touch of your toe is answered by a swift elastic surge forward till the speedometer needle touches the limit of your wishes.

Let the exigencies of traffic call for a walking pace, and your Buick will glide at two miles an hour.

Breasting hills with a joyous sweep, rounding corners as if centrifugal force was entirely swallowed in the low-suspension cantilever springing—your Buick is building, with every mile, a sense of domination that satisfies the leader-instinct in you.

There is leadership, too, in beauty. About things of solid worth there is an impressive beauty which cannot be simulated. Because of its inherent beauty and dignity, the Buick lends grace to every social function. The Buick is the car for the man whose place is amongst the leaders.

It's a relief to drive a Buick

Built in Oshawa Canada.

CANADA

A Model that meets your wishes is in the Buick Range

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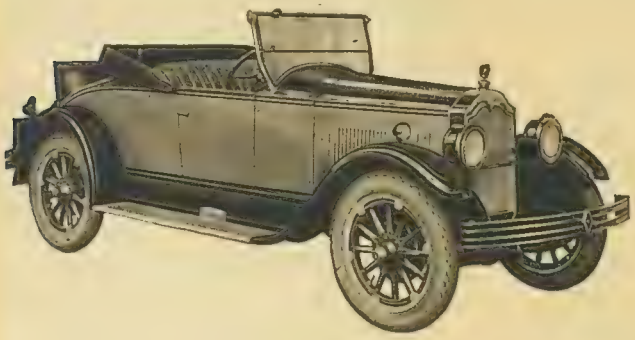
Monarch 7-seater Tourer	£575
Pullman 7-seater Limousine	£795
Prince Sports Tourer	£777

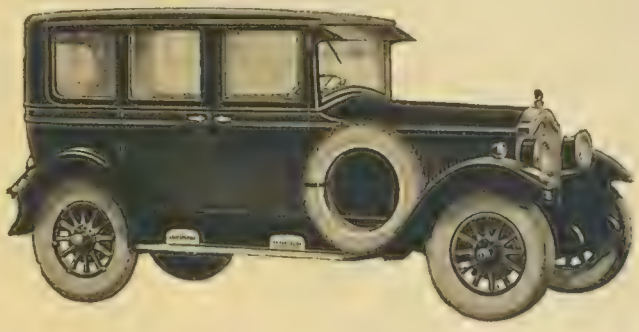
WHATEVER the purpose or purposes for which you require your car, you will find a model in the Buick range to meet your wishes better even than you had hoped. For the ten Buick models are the outcome of very many years' experience of catering for the most discriminating class of motorists in the world—Buick owners.

You will see colour illustrations of the ten body designs and *detailed* descriptions, in the "Book of the British Empire Buick." Each design conforms to the Buick creed of excellence—differing only in accordance with the purpose which it is fashioned to fulfil.



The Country Club Roadster

A trim and speedy roadster—graceful, beautiful. The finest dickey seat to be found on any car gives ample leg room and armchair comfort to rear passengers. Sidescreens are carried in locker behind front seat. Front and rear bumpers are standard equipment. The ideal car for the lady roadfarer.

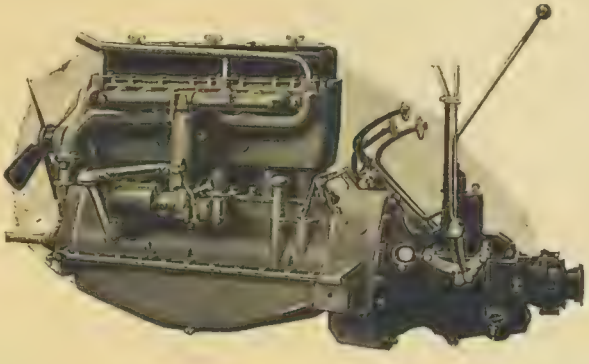


The Empire Saloon

Body-building craftsmanship reaches a rare pitch of excellence in this particularly beautiful model. Luxuriously upholstered in all-wool English broadcloth or russet-brown leather, it has the sumptuous atmosphere so essential in a closed car of this nature. Accessory equipment is complete

The Buick Engine

The Six-cylinder overhead-valve power unit of the Buick car has the combination of smooth and silent running, quick acceleration, flexibility, speed and power that *only* Buick can give. This near side view of the engine shows the perfect placing of the controls and the mounting of the Buick-Air Cleaner. At every point impenetrable dust-covers protect moving parts.



For Your Absolute Comfort

Buick floating cantilever rear springs will give you riding ease such as you have longed to enjoy. With big low pressure tyres and cushion springs of extraordinary resiliency no bumps or shocks can intrude upon your relaxation.

Let us Send you your Copy of this Book—

The "Book of the British Empire Buick" will serve to give you some idea of the Buick's distinction of appearance and comprehensive range of body styles. Furthermore, it will acquaint you with the very latest advances of motor engineering. We should like to post your copy to you on receipt of your name and address.

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FEMINA

FLAT ROOFS

By MRS. M. VINCE

You know a country where the winter is severe by the steepness of the roofs. They are the clearest outward sign of the cold weather—these steep roofs which will carry off the snow.

But any stranger coming to London and looking at our roofs would be very much puzzled to know what sort of winter we had. Our roofs do, in fact, exactly express our perpetual uncertainty about the weather. If the stranger walked along the Victoria Embankment and looked across the river at the new County Hall, he would expect, when winter came, to need his heaviest furs, and to see sledges in the streets; and then if he went to one of the big shops and found himself having tea on a roof garden, he would wonder if he were not, after all, in some southern country where snow was never seen.

This indecision is still more noticeable in many of our private houses in London. As you look at them from the street there is no sign of a roof. The sky-line is the top of the wall. If, however, you look out on them from the skylight, you see that there is, in fact, a sloping roof, but with a parapet built above the eaves, which hides the roof from the street, and at the same time would effectually retain the snow. Such a roof has the advantages neither of the slope nor of flatness.

After our long indecision about roofs we shall sooner or later have to make up our minds, at any rate in London, and it is the shops with their roof gardens and tea-rooms, and not the County Hall with its steep northern roof, which show the way that we must go. However much we may still hope for the "old-fashioned winter," we must give up, so far as our roofs are concerned, being always romantically prepared for the snow which hardly ever comes. We are being compelled to make up our minds, and to make them up, not for the North but for the South, by our increasing need for more space and light and air.

The first great advantage of the flat roof is that under it there are no attics. Everyone knows how much that adds to the convenience and space in a house. The other great advantage is that a flat roof can be half a garden, half an open-air room. As London becomes more crowded, and the buildings get higher, and the streets darker and noisier and more dangerous, we shall be steadily driven upwards to our roofs in search of quietness and light and air. At present, on warm summer evenings, you see people, in the better-to-do streets, squeezed into tiny balconies outside their windows, and in the poorer parts, sitting at their doors in the dusty, crowded streets. How much more comfortable both would be sitting on the roof!

Think, too, of the other uses of the flat roof in crowded London. For those who do their laundry at home here is a drying-ground far better than the dark well of a yard outside the basement. For the mother who does not know what to do with her children it is an ideal playground, and perfectly secure, for by the regulations of the County Council every flat roof which has a stair up to it must have a strong railing shoulder-high. For those so disposed it is a safe outdoor bedroom on summer nights. For all it is a place to sit in quietness and fresh air.

The difference in height between the windows of the top floor and the roof itself is, when measured in feet, very small. But that measurement is a deception. It really gives no idea at all of the height of the roof. When you step out on to a roof you feel that you have suddenly shot up far above the earth. From the highest window you are conscious of the ground below. On the roof itself the nearest thing is the sky. I was on the flat roof of a big block of workmen's flats at Brixton not very long ago. There, suddenly, when you saw the sky and a great view of distant trees, you felt, what certainly you would never have felt down in the street, that Brixton was quite a jolly place in which to live.

We have not to wait until London can be rebuilt in order to have flat roofs. I was in a big St. John's Wood house the other day, where the whole work of turning a sloping roof into a flat one has been done while the people have been living in the house all the time. The attics were shut off, and without a workman having to go through the house, or any interference with its daily life, the old roof has been taken off, a temporary roof erected above, and under the shelter of this the walls have been raised and the new roof built on them.

That house now has not only a beautiful seven-room flat in place of the old attics, but a roof above, lit with electricity, where you could make a garden or even have a dance. For the chimneys are at the side and the roof is a single expanse, laid with asphalt, with a slope sufficient to carry off the rain, but so slight as not to be perceptible. The only thing that one has to be careful of is not to leave standing on the asphalt any heavy things which in summer, when it is softened a little by the sun, might make a dent in it. For this reason such things as flower-boxes should be put on broad wooden blocks.

Unfortunately, when more and more people live in flats, we cannot all have roofs, any more than we can all have gardens. But let us make the most of those we have.

MISS JUNE ROPER

Of June and Kenneth, the celebrated American dancers. She and her partner are dancing at Ciro's this month

Lenare

PLAYING AT THE GLOBE

Miss Janet Eccles who is appearing as "Ruth Maunders" in "All the King's Horses" at the Globe Theatre

MOTOR NOTES

LUCKY THIRTEEN

Miss Rose Hignell, who is playing a leading part in the revival of "Lilac Time" at the Lyric Theatre, photographed in her new 13 h.p. Clyno touring car

Motorists nowadays, with their demands for greater comfort and better protection, have to a certain extent lost some of the early joys of motoring. Those of us who can remember when each motor trip was an adventure will realise the change which has taken place when a motorist, without any preparation, steps into a fully protected car knowing that he will reach his destination in perfect comfort at the time he wishes. This change in attitude towards motoring was particularly impressed on my mind when fortune placed at my disposal a high-powered fast chassis, the total coachwork of which consisted of four bucket seats with the addition of four tiny mudguards. Once at the wheel of this car I regained much of the early joys of motoring, when it was necessary to wrap oneself up and to adventure forth on the high road. It was a thrilling experience, as the car in question could exceed 90 m.p.h. and possessed the most wonderful acceleration. It was fitted as well with a racing set of four-wheel brakes, so that I was in the fortunate position of being able to enjoy the rush through the air on an unprotected car, while, at the same time, my mind was free from any doubts as regards the reliability or stopping power, as was formerly the case.

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The car which brought back to me these early thrills of motoring was a 22-90 h.p. six-cylinder super-sports Alfa-Romeo. One notable feature in which it differs from most sports cars is that it is fitted with dry sump lubrication. The oil supply is carried in a tank under the dashboard. One pump forces oil to the bearings, while another pump withdraws the oil from the sump and returns it to the tank. With the assistance of a revolution counter it was an easy matter to realise the performance of the six-cylinder engine. It is not often that one sees the revolution counter needle at the 4,000 mark, yet this was frequently done on the Alfa-Romeo on the lower gears. My best speed was 80 m.p.h., but it was obvious that the Alfa-Romeo was anxious to do more. Road conditions prevented this. A mile a minute on third gear was comparatively easy, while only sympathy for the engine, which it did not require, prevented me from seeing the maximum on the lower gears. Yet with all its speed it is very flexible, and will run as slowly as eight miles an hour on top gear. The Alfa-Romeo is easily one of the most attractive sports cars which I have ever driven.

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A car of quite a different type, but possessing its own peculiar fascination, is the eight-cylinder Hupmobile. This car, in spite of its comparatively low price, belongs to the luxury class. It provides solid comfort, every protection, and is a top-gear car for

(Continued on page 454)

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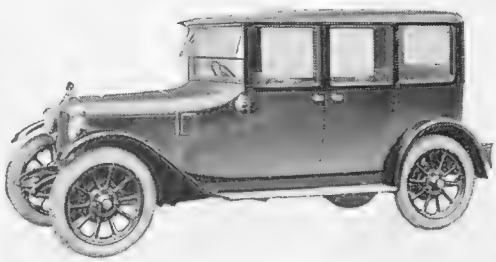

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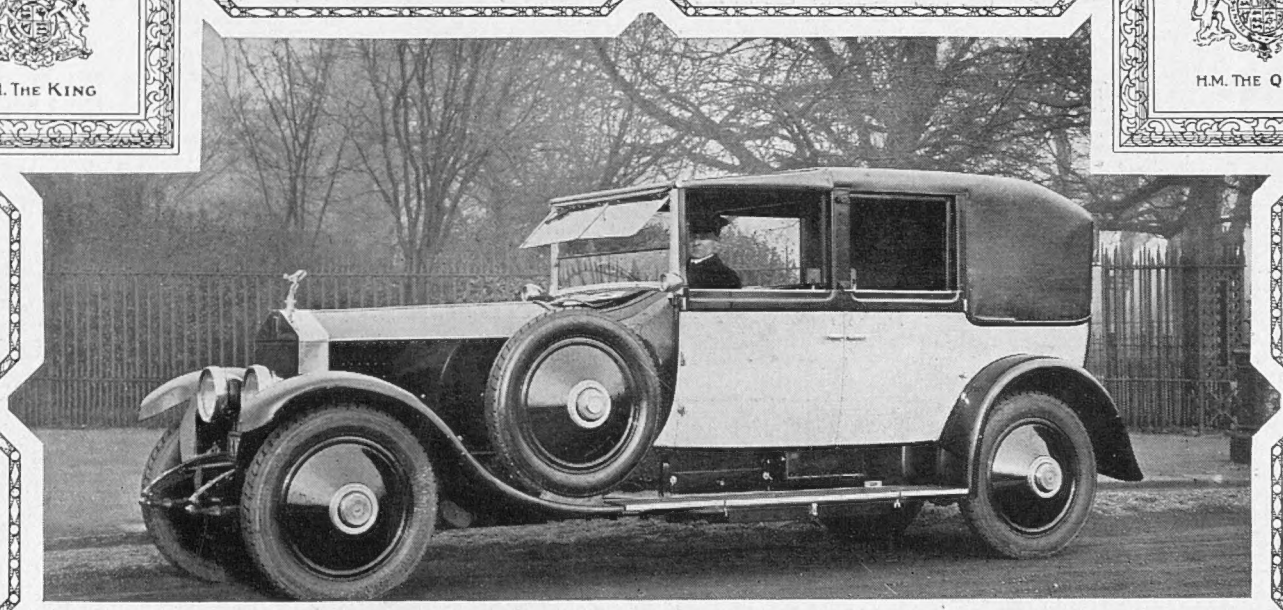

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90 per cent. of the running. The engine with eight cylinders in line is extraordinarily flexible. With a heavy body it will run from 3 m.p.h. up to about 75 m.p.h. on top gear, and on the same ratio will climb such a gradient as Box Hill on top gear without straining or rushing. It is one of the simplest cars to drive which I have met. After a few yards on second gear from a standstill top is engaged, and thereafter the control is entirely on the throttle, even in traffic. If necessary, a start may be made on top gear, but it is kinder to use second. The steering is excellent, while the hydraulic four-wheel brakes are smooth and powerful in their action. The comfort provided is of a very high order, while the springing on all surfaces is excellent. For the price it would be difficult to imagine a better car.

* *
*

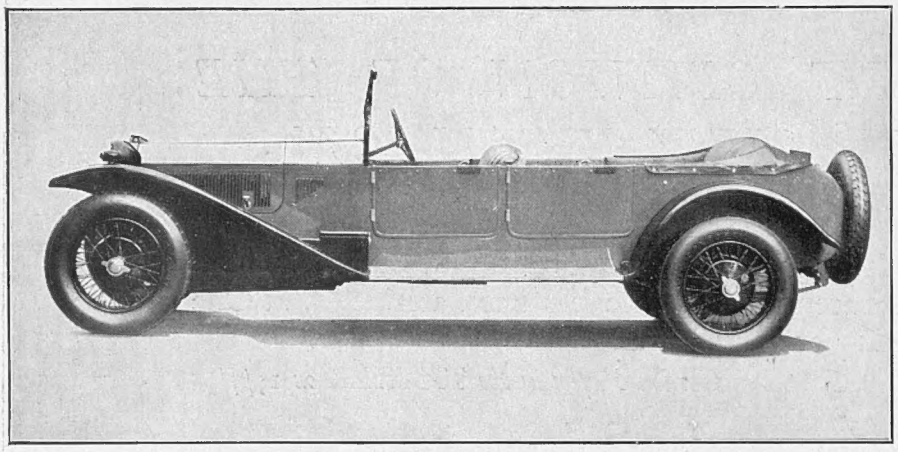
THE successful conclusion of the Court-Treatt Cape-to-Cairo Expedition was celebrated by a welcome dinner at the Royal Automobile Club recently. At this cheerful gathering Major Court-Treatt had an opportunity of giving an account of some of the difficulties which had to be overcome. Using two Crossleys with all-British equipment, the expedition travelled, approximately, 13,000 miles in sixteen months, overcoming such obstacles as deserts, forests, mountains, and rivers. On one occasion the cars had to be dragged bodily through a deep river, in the centre of which they became completely submerged, yet, on the further bank, they started up immediately as soon as their carburetters and magnetos were fitted.

* *
*

THE bravest member of the whole expedition was Mrs. Court-Treatt, who accompanied her husband throughout. Sickness had to be faced, and great credit is due to Mrs. Court-Treatt for her work in this connection, as she acted as doctor and nurse throughout. Once she lay in a "hide" for three days while photographs were taken of wild animals at a drinking-pool, and she also shared in the hunting of elephants and lions. The two Crossley cars were of the ordinary touring pattern modified for the purposes of the expedition. Twin tyres were fitted to the rear wheels, and special features of the cars were the provision of a dark room for photographic work, gun-racks, seats which were convertible into beds, and special protection in the form of nets of close mesh against insects. The members of the expedition and the makers of the cars and the equipment deserve every congratulation.

* *
*

THE Fourteenth London-Land's End Trial of the Motor Cycling Club will take place as usual this Easter. Starting on April 2nd, the competitors will follow the same route as last year, the non-stop hills being Porlock, Lynmouth, Beggar's Roost and Bluehills Mine. The competitors will be timed over a standing half-mile on Porlock Hill, and will have to attain certain minimum speeds. GEORGE C. STEAD.



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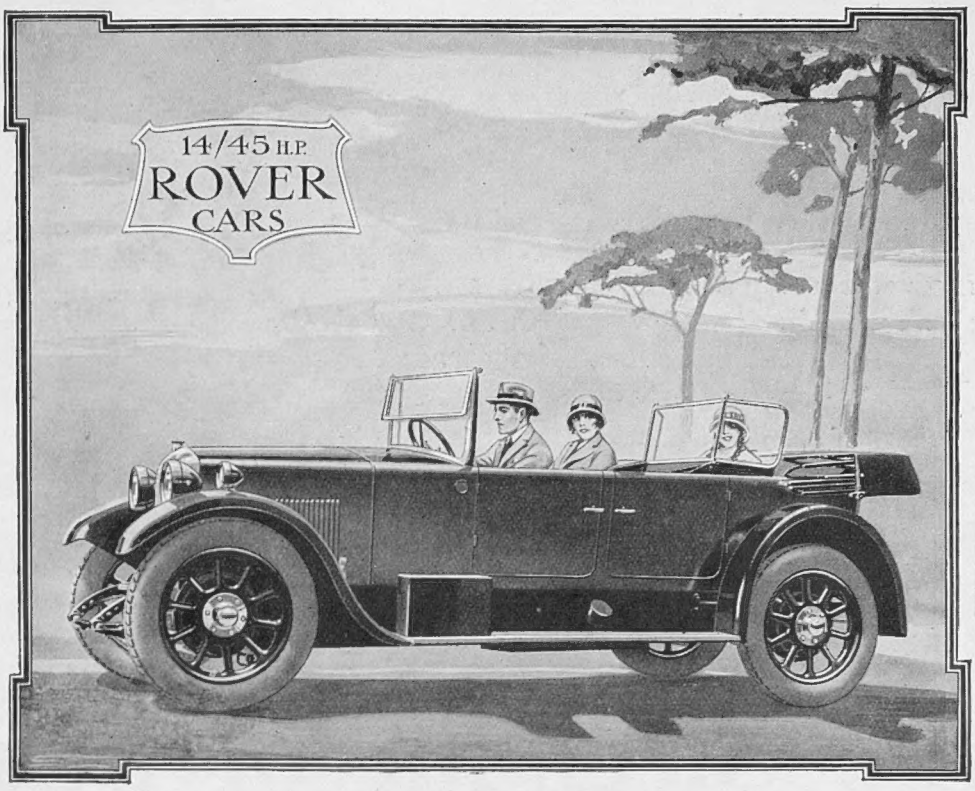

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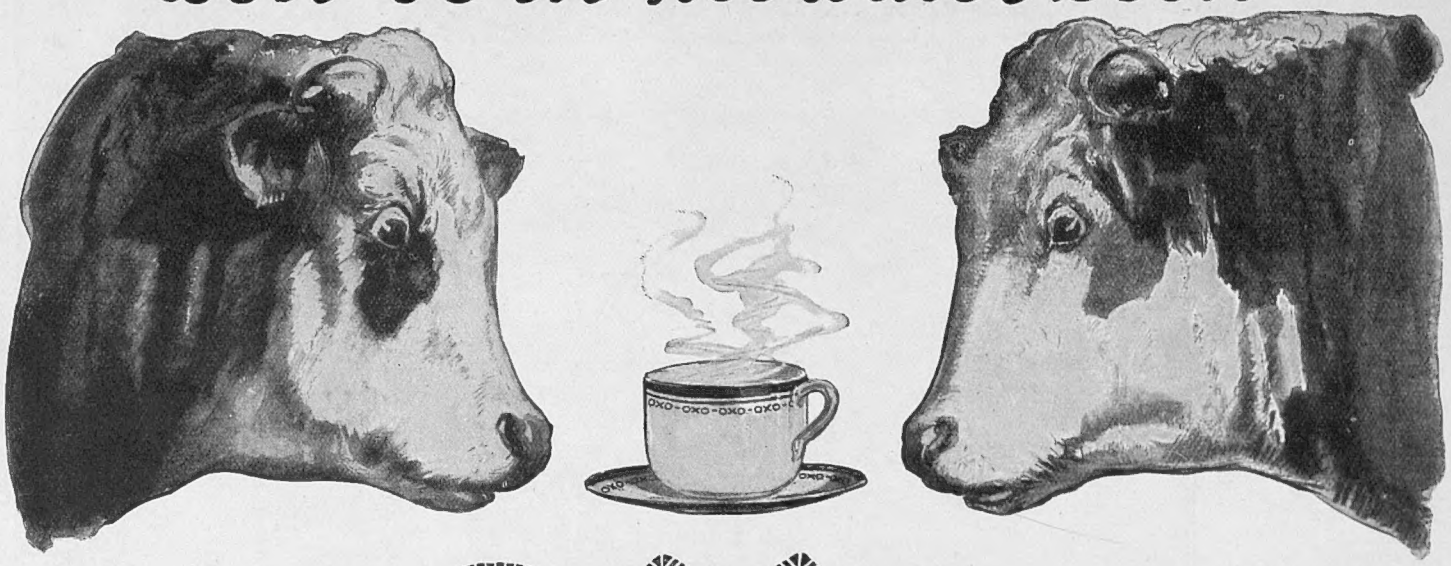

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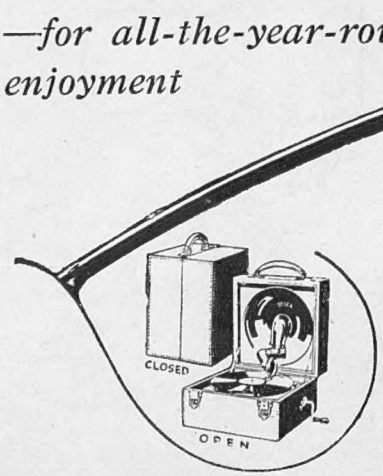

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